

CARtoons

FEBRUARY 1966

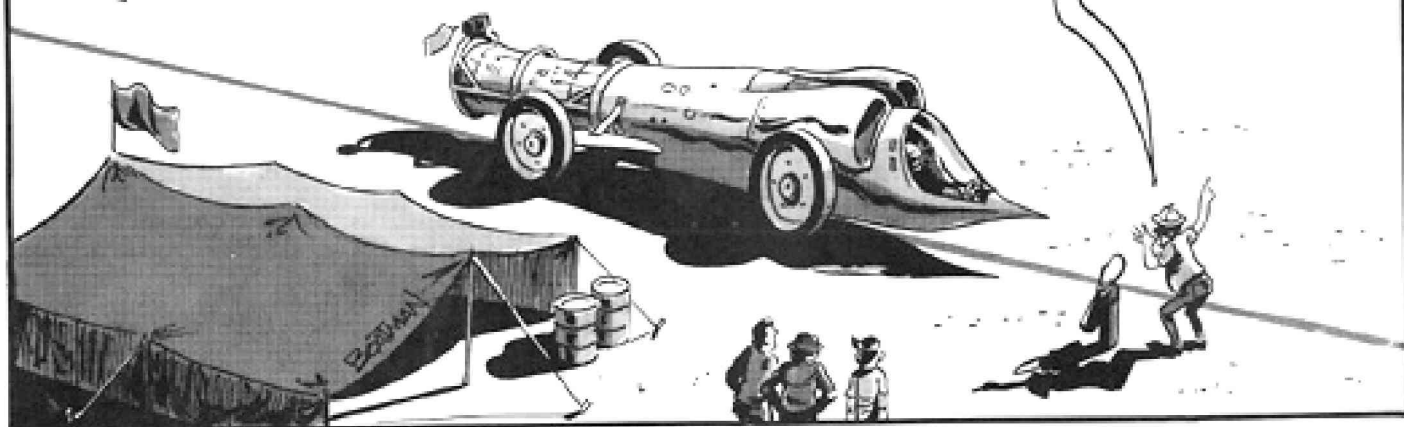
35¢



J. COLLENDER

A/GRABBER

RUN THROUGH YOUR
CHECK OUT LIST AND
THEN YA CAN WARM
HER UP.



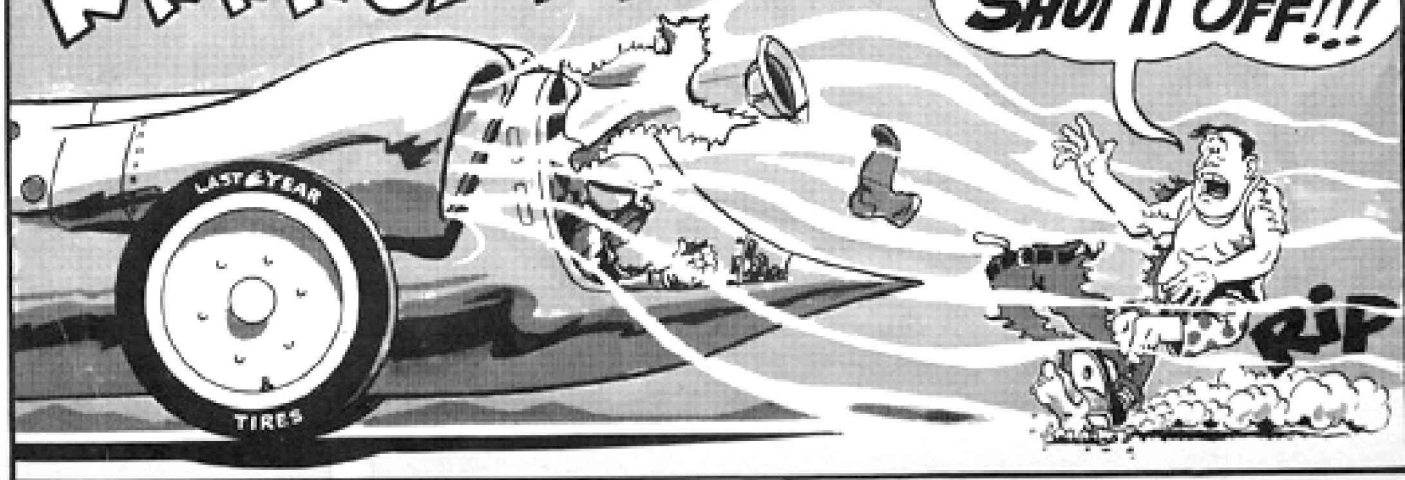
EVERYTHING'S A'OK!
I'M GONNA LIGHT
'ER UP.

OK! LET
'ER RIP!



RRRROARRUMMMMMMM

SHUT IT OFF!
SHUT IT OFF!!!



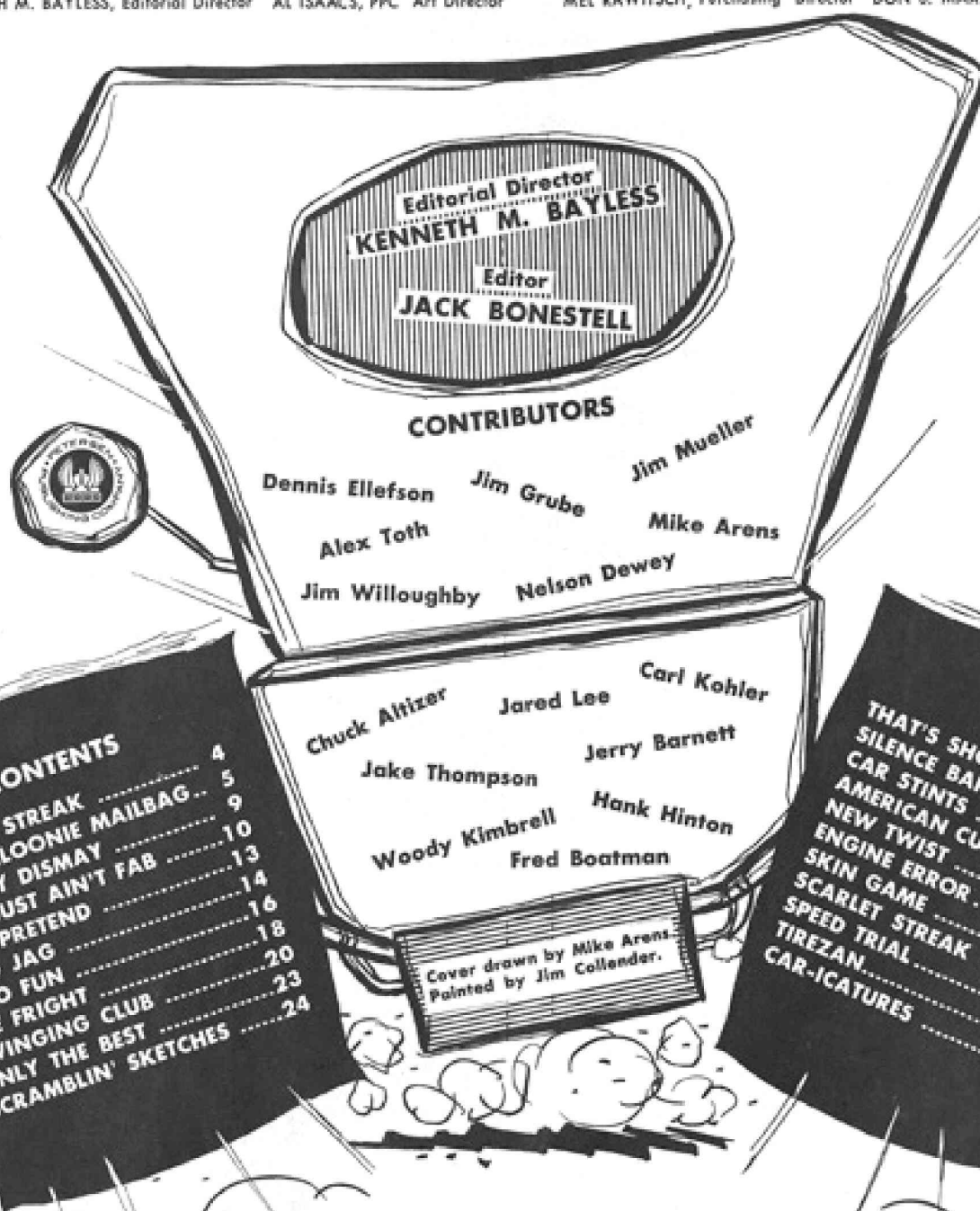
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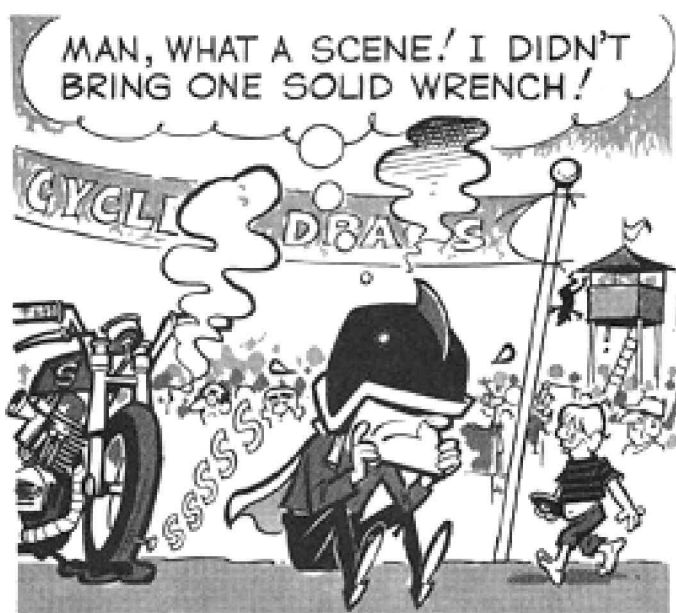
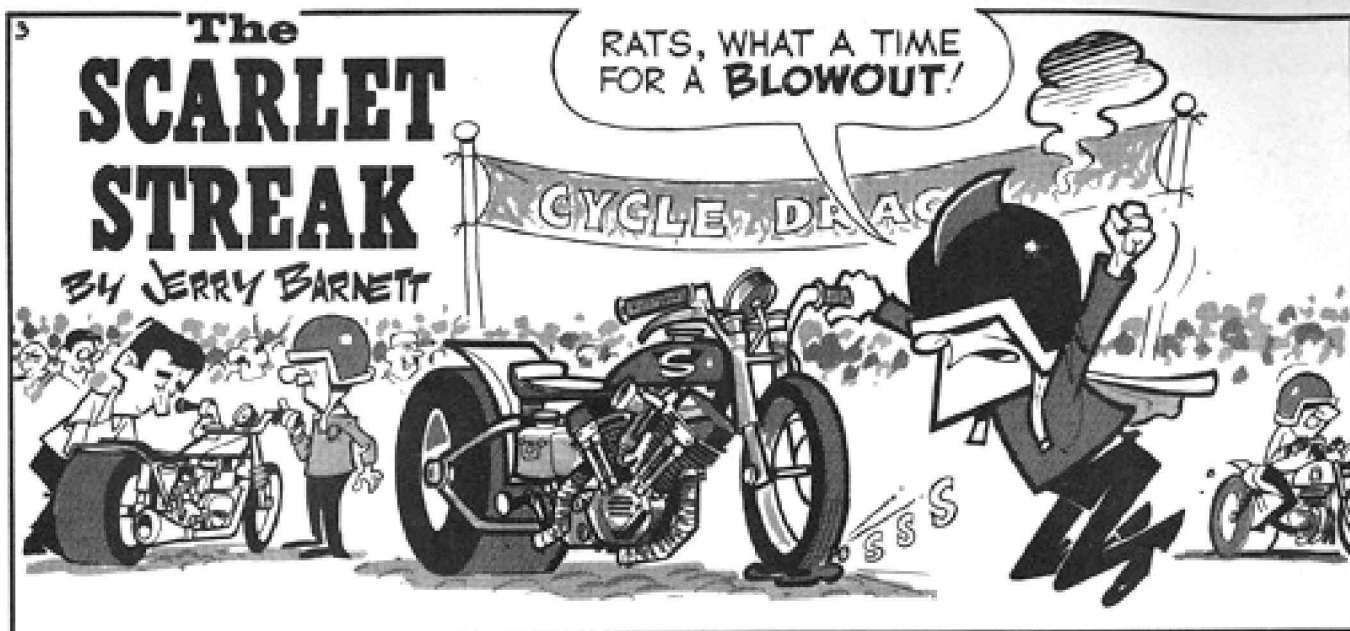
Number Twenty-Seven

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If ya ever see a '64 Barracuda body with a '65 Mustang drive-shaft, a 1899 Ford Mill, a '28 Chrysler axle, a '63 Galaxie fuel tank filled with ninety percent nitro, a '62 Plymouth Fury ignition, a '24 Plymouth mag on the left front wheel and 1910 wire wheels for the rest, bein' pulled by Officer Von Dutch of the National Guard through the lobby of the Beverly Hilton, wearing tight pants and a 19th century knights helmet, don't complain ta me.

DAN TOLAN
6319 Atoll
Van Nuys, Calif.

Man, yer OUTTA SIGHT!



Since me little neffew, Jerry Barnett, shifted them "Scarlet Streak" and "Count Dragster" cartoons into hi-speed gear fer yer way out, like in the "Twilight Zone" rag-mag—I been strippin' me gears and near tearin' me threads fer a sure-fire copy ahead uv these other earth critters! I fear I'm too dragged fer a skateboard whiz-bang, but may be tempted, like, I'll try anything *once*! Kum ta think of it, I wouldn't look no worse than YOU on a roller-surfer, would I? If ya spot a 5er 4-center flyin' frum a 72 x 48-inch adjustable wheel-equipt, side-barred, rest pad, ya'll kno' I tried, Unkie!

RUTH KISSELL
"Stripped-Kitty"
(That's "Tiger," Unkie!)
R. R. 1
Tennysen, Ind. 47637

Wotta a swingin' kitty CAT!

* FIRST-PRIZE WINNER *

Your latest ish really convolosed me with laughter, as per usual. This reaction may be due to the fact that it was funny. Your varmintins are among the most hilarious figments of this millenium. Now for some juicy complaints: (1) Thirty-five lincolns are 98.6% of my total monthly income. You see, I don't earn much because I suffer from that widespread ailment known affectionately as 'Tight Boss.' I am, nevertheless addicted to your tripe. Now there are solutions: A. You can slice price or, B. You can pacify my craving by giving me more gore to pore over. Well, I'd better flip out now, I think I hear Ding Dong School on the big eye. In summary, let me say that you guys are my top secret fuel mix.

GLEN WRIGHT
42 Olive Ave.
Larkspur, Calif.

Glen you are so WRIGHT!!

Like please send me some CAR-TOONS "un-hip pills," so I can give them to my sister. She is stoked on CARTOONS. I mean when you have to smuggle yer mag in the house, and have to hide in a closet to read it, it gets kind of tuff. Besides, the light in there ain't so good.

D. C. HEROD
1801 - 16th
Lubbock, Tex.

Well, D.C., maybe yer lights are wired for A.C. instead of D.C. and any sister who's 'lectrified on our mag is ACEy too, D.C.

Just thought I'd comment on them rotten slices of pulp you charge thirty-five cents for. And what's the idea of puttin' a broom wipin' out a fueler on the cover of your October issue? How rotten can ya get? I got a fuelie dust pan that can put down any hunk of straw on the streets. Other than that, you got a wicked pile of junk, (never laid my lamps on a better one). Keep up the good work. I also have a Rambler in the middle twelves!! For real and true! The average speed is about 117.

TEXAS TEENAGER

Man, that was the last straw, bein' wiped by a broom, but them thingie's always make a clean sweep of things.

WANT AD:

I am looking for a Pen Pal, a girl 14 or 15 who likes cars, karts or anything with 4 wheels and a mill.

AL MOLINSKI
1525 Mary Dr.
Johnstown, Pa.

I hope you know about some of the hep stories you had in some of your old mags. Some of the stories are "Mad, Mad Modul Mc-Skate" and the "Otto Mattic Story," ain't you got no sense to keep hep stories in your mag?

SCOTT CLEMENS
515 Aach St.
Royersford, Pa.

Ah Hah! Just as I thot, Scott... Yer tryin' to find a story spot fer yer Uncle SAMUEL CLEMENS to slip into...

Moogaloonie Mailbag



SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

Nelson Dewey is really stoke. I really think he's stazy. But if I don't see more of his trash, I think I might go crazy. Don't ever stop writin' Nelson-baby.

BILLY WETHERLY
P. O. Box 134
North Fork, Calif.

Dewey-baby's gonna be dewey-eyed over yer tender comments...

I am now subscribin' ta both yer mags, because I'm sick o' them lil' finks that rob every mag stand for miles around. Man, ya jes' don't know all the fightin' that I have to do ta get one issue o' yer mag. Believe me, they would rather fight than switch. And, if there's any finks readin' this letter, they better stay at least 20 feet o' my mailbox. Oh, oh, here comes them finks after my CARTOONS, I gotta run.

CHUCK FINLEY
R. R. 1
Edgerton, Kan.

Man, you got MORE action goin' than Napoleon Solo!

Unk, please stay the same mean, dirty, filthy, rotten, rude, shrewd, crude, barbarous slob you are now. You and your moldy mag are real tuff-stuff. How 'bout more frames on slotting and carting? But PULEESZ — more of Unky! (My Idol.) Even my dear ol' Dad digs your mag.

MARK KLIPPEL
5636 Laurel Hall Dr.
Indianapolis, Indiana

From them kindly words I'm like blushin' candy apple red!

I have but one question for you, your nutsy writers, your Clyde-like illustrators, and the other creators of your stoke mag: Have you guys been in this skaggy condition all of your life?

WANDA EARTHART
1304 Alabama St.
Vallejo, Calif.

Constantly, in case you wanda know, Wanda

I would like to know but 3 things. 1st, what does fab-most, mag, stoke, hep, wuz, yawpin' and unkle mean? 2nd, why don't you put the address of the place I'm supposed to send this letter to in your magazine? 3rd, I forgot what I was going to say, so please disregard this letter.

STEVE A. MESE
Toronto 2, Ont., Can.

Steve, I would like to know but ONE thing: hmmm... I jergot! Now ya got ME in shock!

In or about 4 or 5 months ago, I wrote a letter to you sweet clods. My bum brudder said that you don't have time to print all the letters that come in right away. So, I agree. But after four or five months, don't you think it should have been printed by now?

ROBBY HANCOCK
P. O. Box 610
Navasota, Tex.

Patient One, you are SO right...

I just got through reading your latest issue of CARTOONS; it's like ZOWIEE! I'm not much on this speed, surf, hot rod-type lingo, mainly because I've been away from the good ole' U.S. too long. I read your mag every month, I buy it over here at the Stars & Stripes Newstand, in the land where the speed enthusiasts hop up the VW's and run 'em on cobble stone streets. Do you know, your mag is read 'round the world, this is fact, 'cause I got buddies all over and we are always corresponding about the latest issue of the ZANEY issue of CARTOONS! I really dig those crazy surfer episodes and those wonderful 'lil roudies. I agree with Arthur La Cambe of Beverly, Mass., I think ya all should get some type of award, mainly fer the fact that your mag helps keep up the morale of all us G.I. type readers. I liked to of split my pistons reading the article about the rowdies and Unk going trick or treating. Well, so much for this cam popping, jazz busting, boss-type letter writing. From myself and all my partners in arms—good luck and keep up the real boss-type work.

SP. 4 RAY L. PURDUM
Hq. 7th Army CMMI Team
APO 46, New York, N.Y.



"SORRY, SUE... I COULDN'T BORROW THE CAR TONIGHT"

THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Lemme kloo youse guys in on sumpin'. Alla your car rags allus carry tuff literature about hemis, ohc hemis, 409's, and all them big mills an' hairy chassis' an' all them big numbers ya call 'em by, like AA/FD and A/FX and all the big, hairy, expensive stuff. Why don't nobody yak about them lower divisions, which contains some of the bossest draggin' inna world? I mean, where else can a \$10 Hillman with a \$25 Fomoco flathead and \$50 worth of other miscellaneous cop top elim? I mean, raunchy cars is boss and money is just a minor detail. I'm fourteen now, and I'm real stoked on my mother's \$50 Renault Dauphine. Someday I'd like to build a hairy lil' machine outa it. Duz ya think a Holley quad pot could take care of four lil' ol' poppers? Man, I'll bet it would move a tiny bit, anyway. By the way, if ya knows anyone wif an Austin mini cooper that thinks he's hot, giv'm to me. I'll eat him up with my mean Dauphine. Tuffeenuff is Bosstoke!

CHET JANUTOLO, JR.
P. O. Box 46
Bethel, Conn.

My Sherman tank woodie skateboard is a screamer, but I'd yell "UNKle" 'gainst yer iron.



Man, unky, you skunky, you are the ugliest thing I've ever seen. Those varmints look better than you do and are probably twice as smart. Gosh man, why are you always yelling at them and making them do your dirty work? Of course, you could always be all o.k. deep down inside (somewhere). And you're in a tuff mag-azeenie too. Keep up the good work. Let them little varmints answer this, not YOU.

BOB JACKSON, JR.
8234 Starcrest Dr.
San Antonio, Tex.

体を整えつつあ
配政しますのは、
激であり過ぎた
は大会はもとよ
にサービスの体勢
行きたいと書えて
ービス体勢とい
製乱造であるとい
化するに従って矢

I just finished readin' yer October mag, it was wild, cool and wonderful. Please try to get an autographed picture of them varmints.

MARTIN BARNARD
1203 E. 9th St.
Winfield, Kan.

We're plannin' on just that gig on our back cover in next issue.

To make change uva 1 buck bill, I picked uppa Super-Stoke Scripture nameuva CARTOONS and then find mizelf puttin' up the bread for ta buya stamp for ta send a letter for ta tell ya'll how great, stoke, fine, gear, fab, wonderful, nice, cute, clever, wild, slick, beautiful, and cool yer stupid mag is.

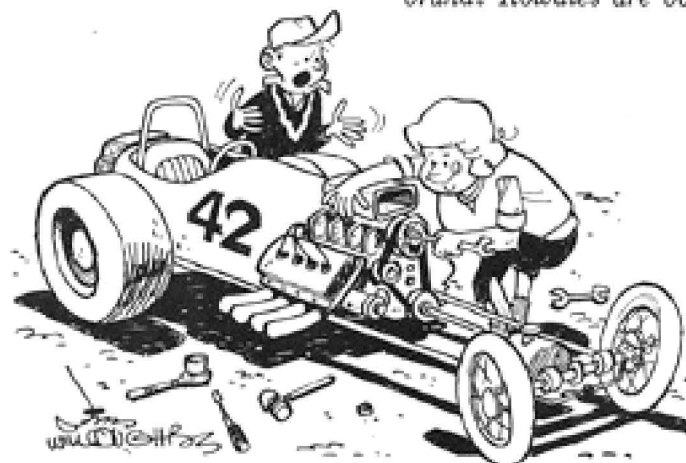
J. C. HENSLEE
450 Chase
Corpus Christi, Tex.

Thanx, but you left out 'peachy n' keeeeen.'

After reading your mag, I got greatly inspired, so I adjusted for skim, and now I have 58% fewer wipeouts on my skateboard. How's that grab ya?

BOB KUZYN
New Hyde Park, L.I., N.Y.

It's hard to believe, but I am truly speechless . . . for the moment.



"BUT MOTHER! I'D RATHER DO IT MYSELF!"

Why don't you get your uneducational piece of literature off the newsstand and make room for nice books like Websters Dictionary? Any goon that is on your hunk of junk has my pity.

STEVE SANXTER
300 Haral
Sturgis, Mich.



Man, here I was getting stoked on the happenings in your pile of pulp. All of a sudden a little thingie pops out of my ash tray and says, "Write, man!" I thought you kept them monsters in a thingie cage. Wot gives? Your mag gives me the chuckles. Over here in Germany, things don't jump—more VW etc., and more of them beatles. Keep up the swingin' stories and toons, man. We're with you heps all the way. Rank man, rank!

PFC C. BRADLEY &
H. ECKSTEIN
C Btry., 6th Bn., 52ADA
APO 09321—New York, N.Y.

We here in Moogaloonieville hope both you cats make GENERALS!



I thought you might like tuh hear an opinion from a gal about yer neat mag. It's really tuff! I think yer cartoonists Nelson Dewey & Jim Mueller are real neat guys and can really draw!

PATTY MATTHEWS
1899 Merritt St.
Turlock, Calif.

Yep, I agree . . . these two Rembrandt Rowdies are boss.

CARTOONS is a Moogaloonie Mag. But why all de' gripes about parents? My Mom & Grandma dig your mag (me too, of course). Be kinder ta them krittters ya kall "varmint." They don't bug ya.

GROVER ALLEN
4618 Clairmont Ave.
Birmingham, Ala.

I'm with ya, Grover. Let's ALL be kind to our parents . . . (and UNK's maybe?)

I have never seen such a conglomeration of garbage since I last went to the city dump! Your competitors magazine, whose name I won't mention, so as not to bring shame to it by having it appear in your so called "humor magazine," far surpasses yours. Your plots are sick and the artwork isn't half accurate. And you sure have nerve referring to your competitors magazine as a "cheap imitation of this magazine" as referred to in "The James Bond Caper." Your mag was pretty good at the start, but it has progressed into one of the most sickening displays of barf in the world.

JAY DAUGHERTY
1128 Palomino Rd.
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Remember those well-written words by Pomroy Prettygut: "Rest and be kind, there is nothing to prove."



You cats in cartoonie-land have a great mag going for ya's. Keep 'em coming. Why don't ya's make a Unk model so's when we don't want to go to school, we can look at cha and get sick—

C. PARSONS, JR.
5275 Daniels
Troy, Mich.

Your mag stinks! I've read the other great mags, and it puts you to shame. All of them letters sayin' you're neat and all are probably made up by you. You probably won't put this in, but I'd advise everyone to read the other great mag.

YOUR DUD
Jefferson City

You clods have reached an all-time low. Your rag is the crummiest hunk of pork we ever seen. Anybody dumb enough to enjoy this mag must be so out of it they have to use words like Moogaloonie, Hooz yer Hootie, Goldfinker, and skateboards are bossboards. Any punk who likes words like that is a candidate for gettin' his head knocked in. I know you won't publish this, just like you don't publish any other letter that puts you down. I guess you're afraid you'll lose your 2 or 3 readers who buy 50 copies apiece and tell their friends how neat they are. If you ever learned to write anything you knew something about, maybe someone would shell out a few coins for your scratch paper. But I doubt it.

GEORGE ANDERSON
2186 East 13th South
Salt Lake City, Utah

I'll bet DEEP down inside yer REALLY keen.

Man, what a pew-trid wreck of wood you maniac mag is. You guys have about as much talent and intelligence as the paper your rag is scribbled on! I'm blue now just after re-a-gurgy-taten' my dinner, thanks to your lousy mag. Please, oh please, stop printin' your trash. Anything but your mag, anything!

PHIL TATLER
27 E. Delaware Ave.
Pennington, N.J.

Somehow, I sensed you are bitter.

DOWN with sport car lovers and all other finks.

PAUL ROSSMO
4850 Neville St.
So. Burnaby, B.C. Canada

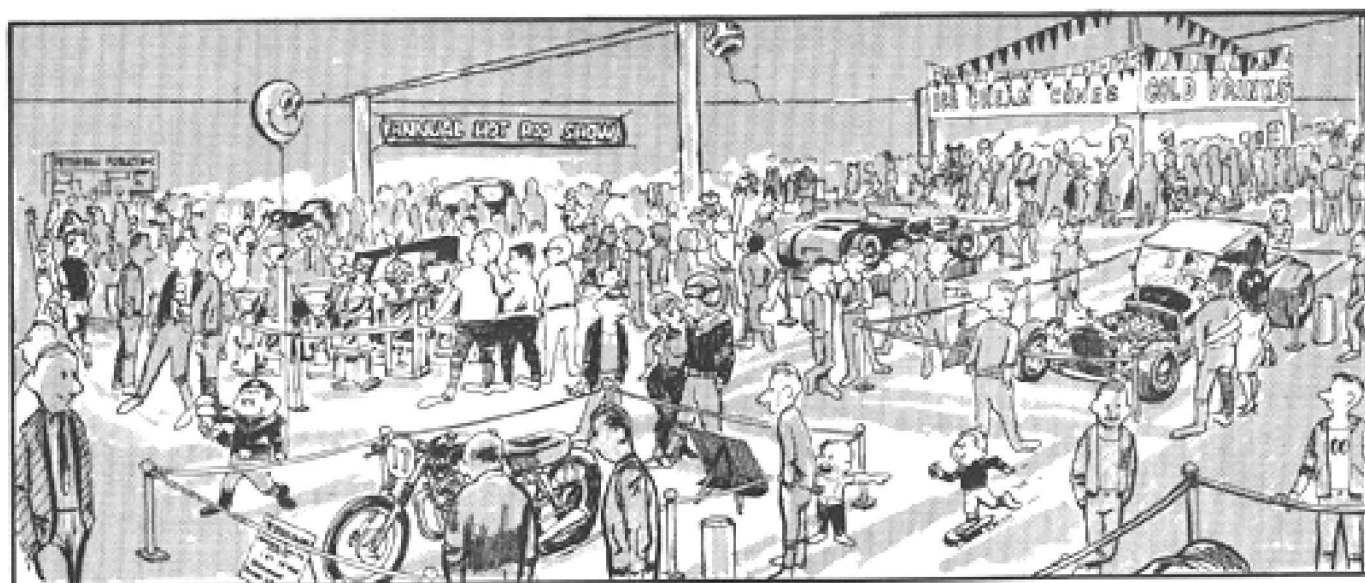
Me and my friends think that your mag is the stupidest thing we've ever known. You keep asking "Where's Von Dutch?" well I know, but do you? Well, just in case you don't he just ran down our street, and if you ask me how he looks, he's changed, 'cause it was chasing my sister until she slapped him, which he soon discovered that he should change his mind about her. How about doing a big favor for me? No, I don't think you would.

LAURIE NORTON
4032 Hampstead Rd.
Flintridge, Calif.

... I'm confused ... You probably wrote this while listenin' to a BOB DYLAN record.



"THIS TAIL PIPE SEEMS JUST A MITE LONG I"



DISPLAY DISMAY



"FLAB JUST DINT FAB"

STORY BY UNK ART: MIKE ARENS

HEEEELLP!

WOTTA TIME FER UNK'S BELLERIN'! RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MY FAV'RIT BOB DYLAN SONG!

YEAH, THAT'S HIS STUCK-BEHIND-THE-WHEEL-AGIN' YELL!

C'MON, LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!

CAN'TCHA WAIT TILL THE COMMERCIAL?!

HE KNOWS THAT MAKES ME N-NERVISS!

MY MOTHER THE CARTOON



UGGGHHH! HEY, YA WIMPS! GIT UP HERE!!

HOW LONG CAN THIS JAZZ GO ON?

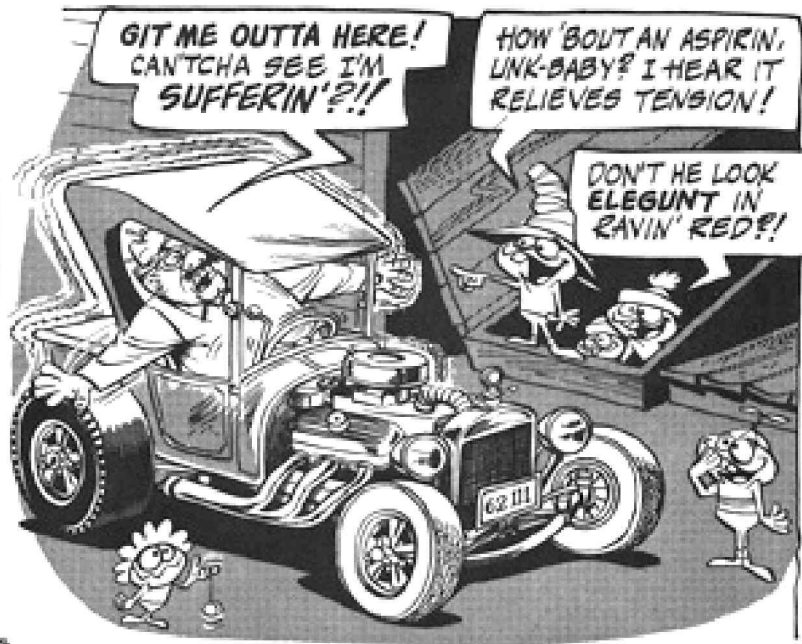
LIKE TWO MORE PAGES, MAN!!



GIT ME OUTTA HERE! CAN'TCHA SEE I'M SUFFERIN'?!!

HOW 'BOUT AN ASPIRIN, UNK-BABY? I HEAR IT RELIEVES TENSION!

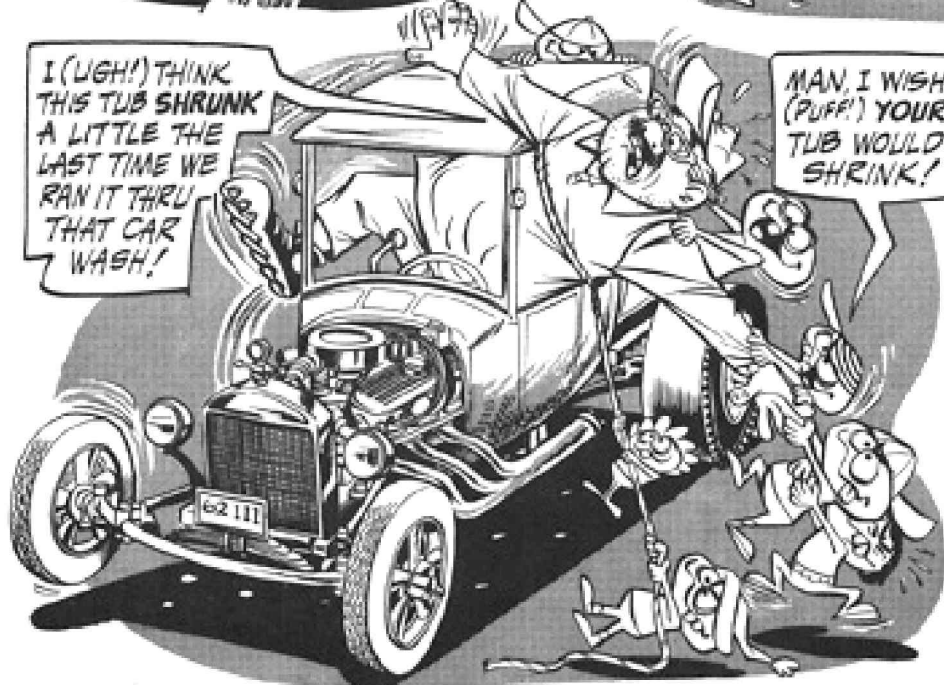
DON'T HE LOOK ELEGANT IN RAVIN' RED?!



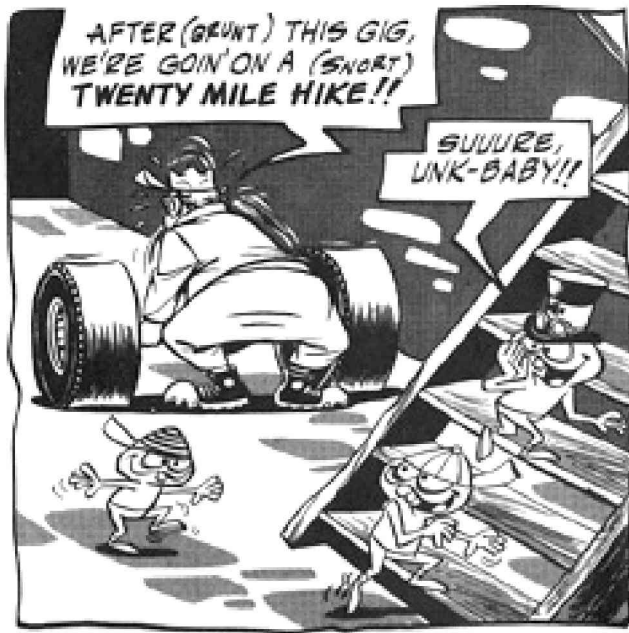
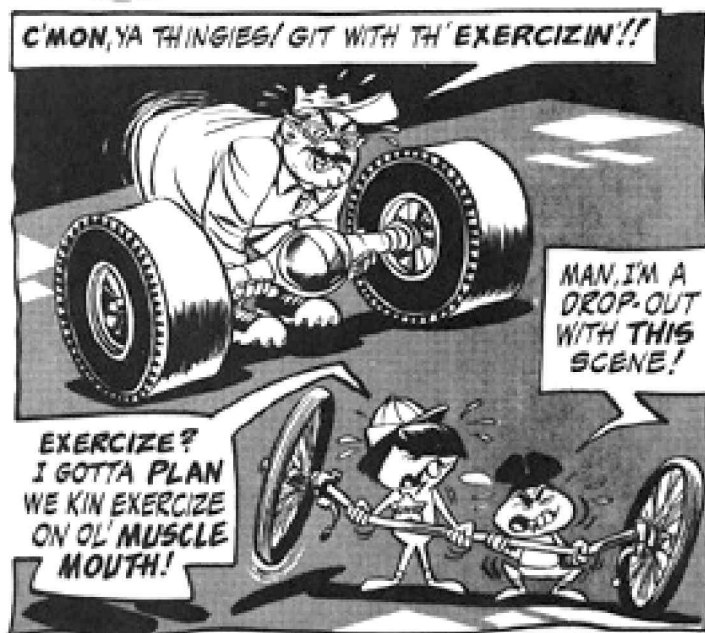
I (UGH!) THINK THIS TUB SHRUNK A LITTLE THE LAST TIME WE RAN IT THRU THAT CAR WASH!

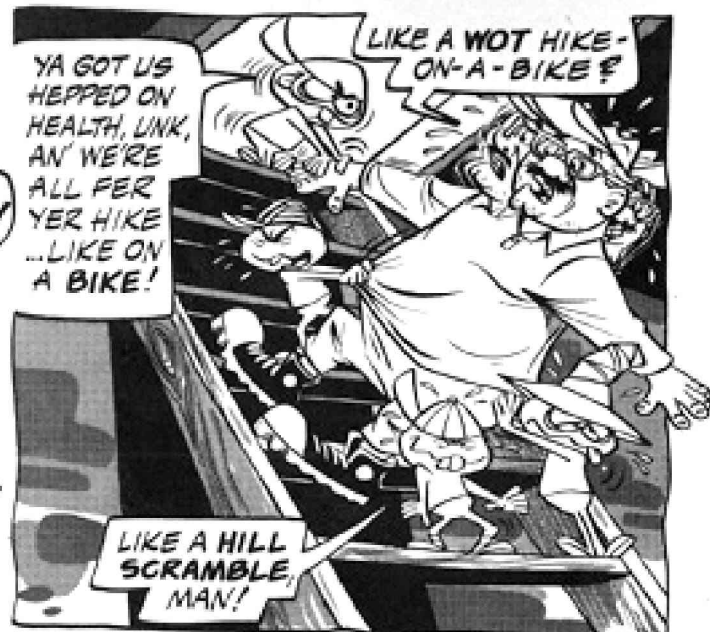
MAN, I WISH (PUFF!) YOUR TUB WOULD SHRINK!

OOOFFF!



POW!





LET'S PRETEND

BOATMAN

OH NO! HERE COMES THAT
BEST WHO PRETENDS ALL
THIS IS THE REAL THING.

YEAH, HE
LIVES IN A
WORLD ALL
HIS OWN.

HI! HOW'S IT
GOING?

SLOT DRAG
RACING
TONITE

SLOT
DRAG-
STRIP



SO, YA PUT IN A NEW MILL,
UHHH? WHAT GEAR RATIO
YA RUNNIN'? MAYBE YA
BETTER USE MY SLICKS.
YOURS LOOK TOO HARD.

CHEEESE!



ALL DRAG RACERS REPORT TO
THE STAGING AREA.

LOOKS LIKE
YOU'RE UP
OL' BUDDY.
GRAB YOUR
HELMET.

HO BOY

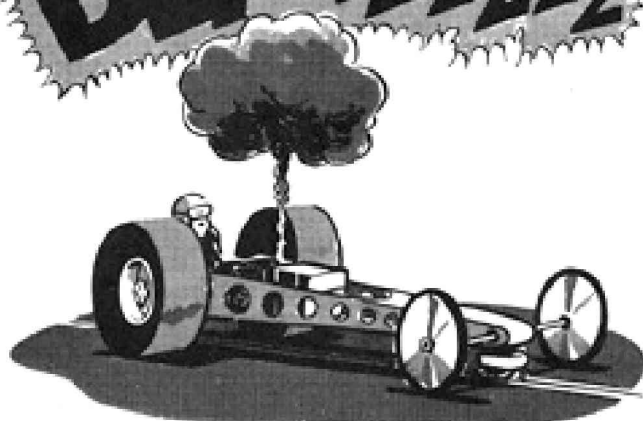


YA GOIN' ALL OUT FOR A RECORD
E.T. OR ARE YA GONNA STROKE
IT 'TILL YA GET THE MILL
BROKE IN?

SLOT
DRAG
STRIP



BLATZZZZZ



LOOKS LIKE YOUR FUEL MIXTURE
IS TOO HOT. WHAT PERCENT NITRO
ARE YA... WELL... GOTTA GO NOW! AREN...

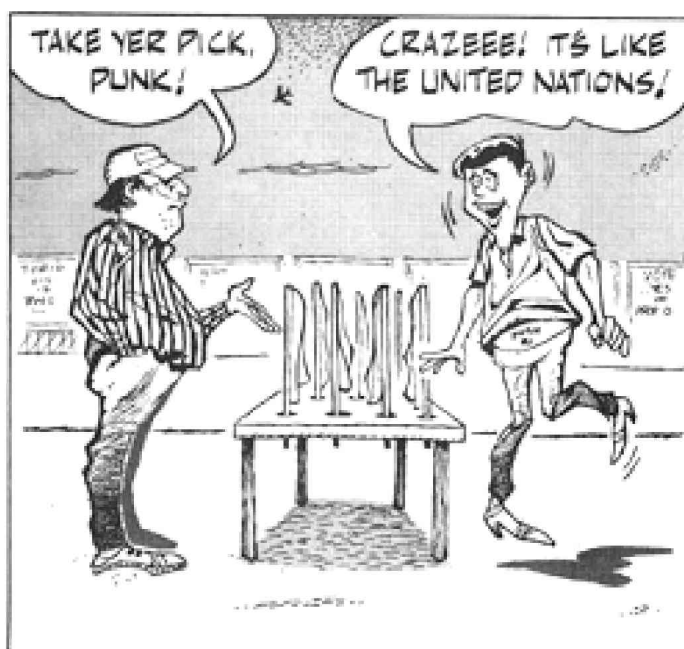
GRRRRRRR

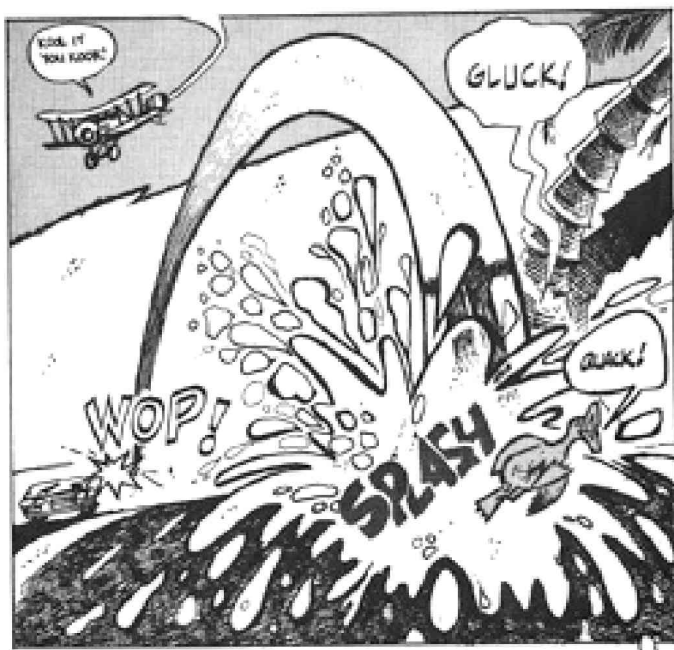
LIKE KA-POW



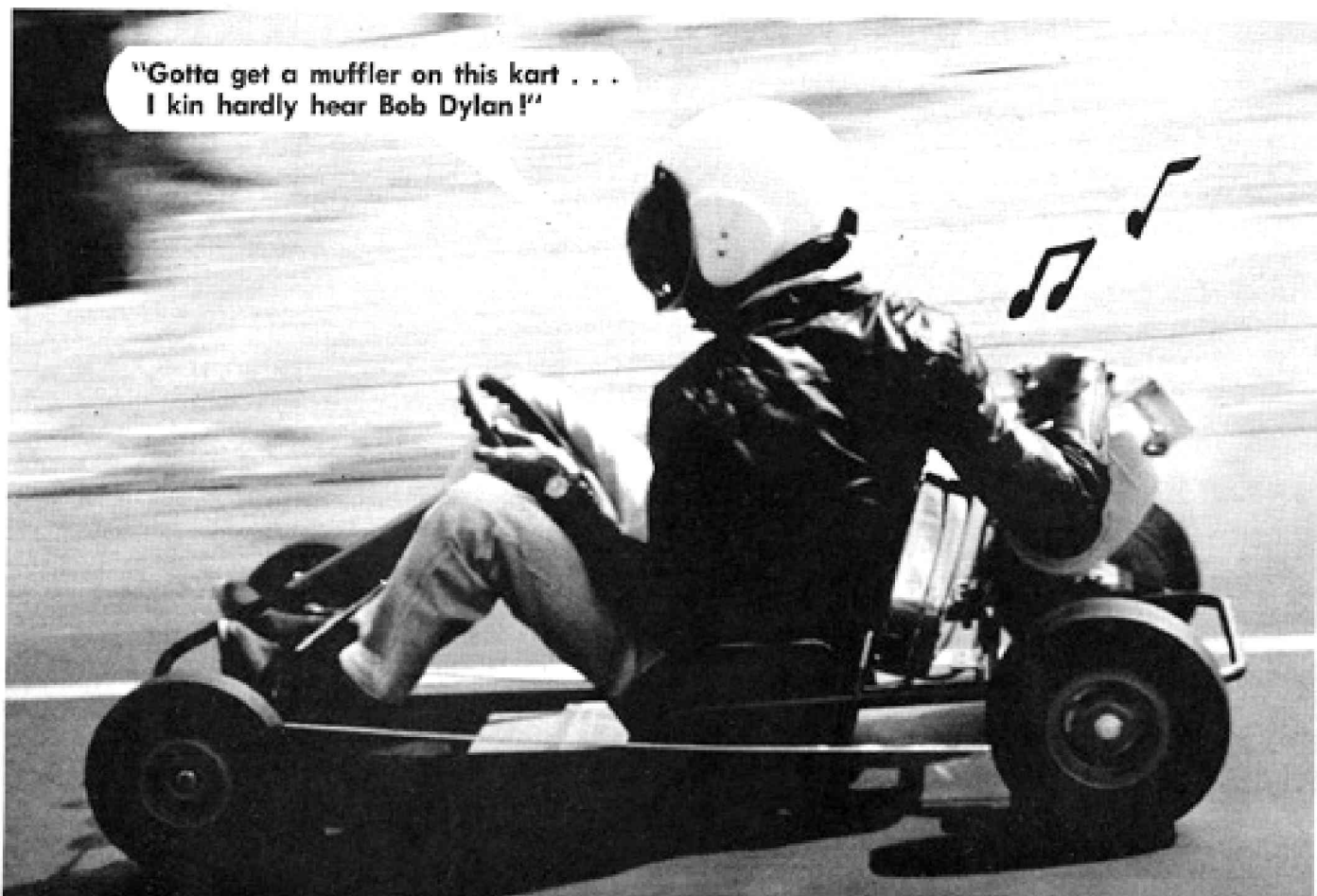
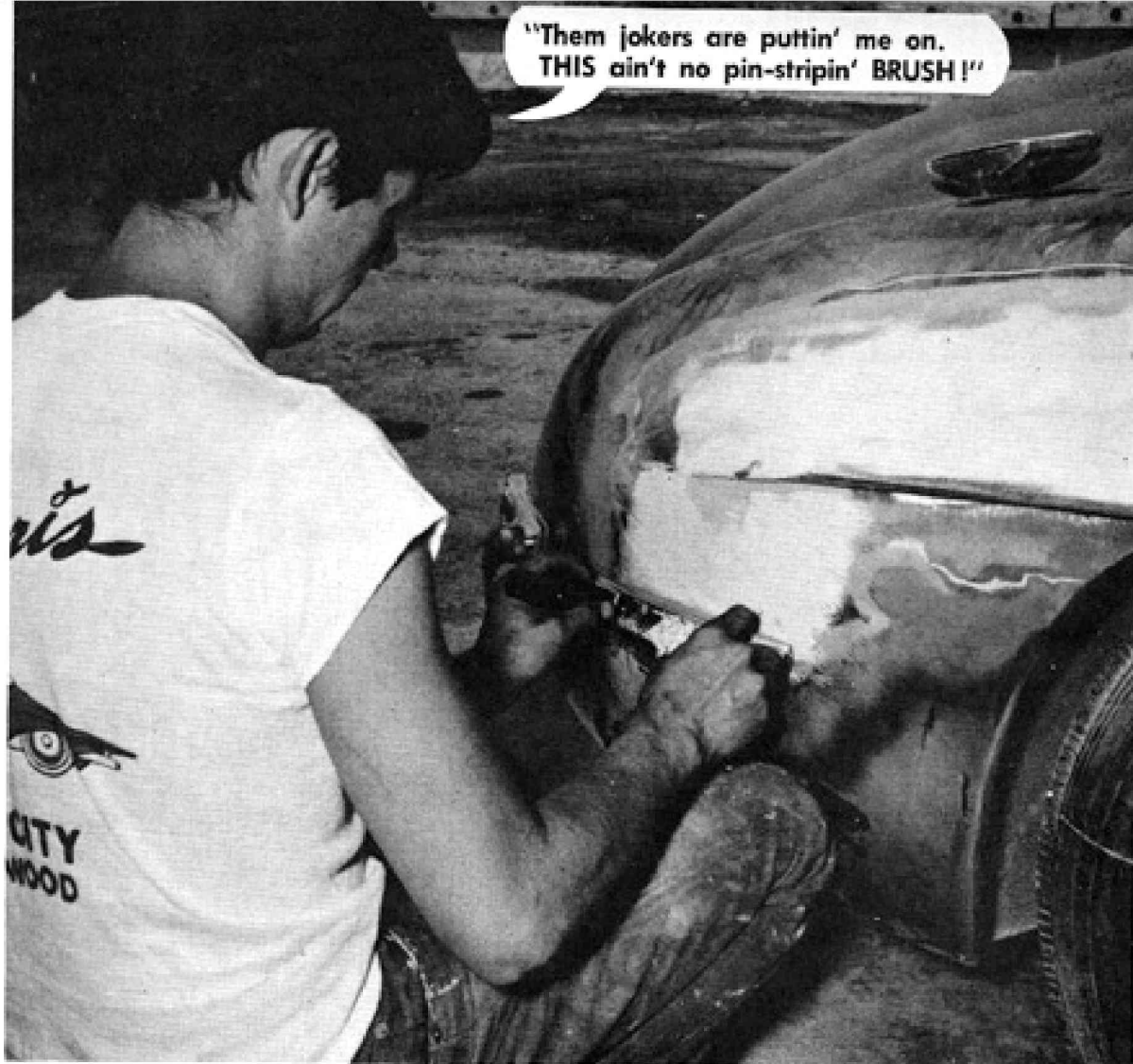
AND
HE DID

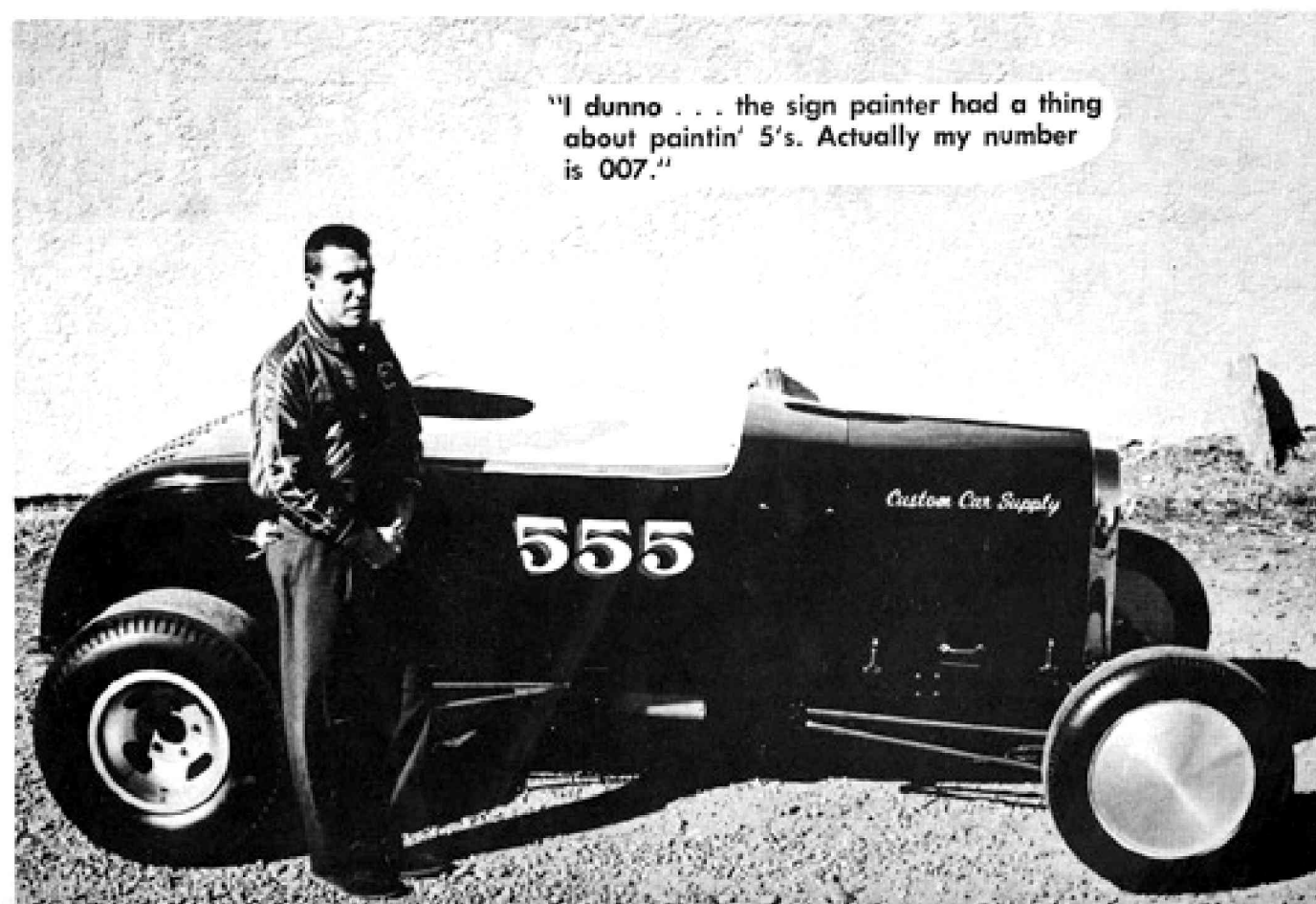
FLAG TAG





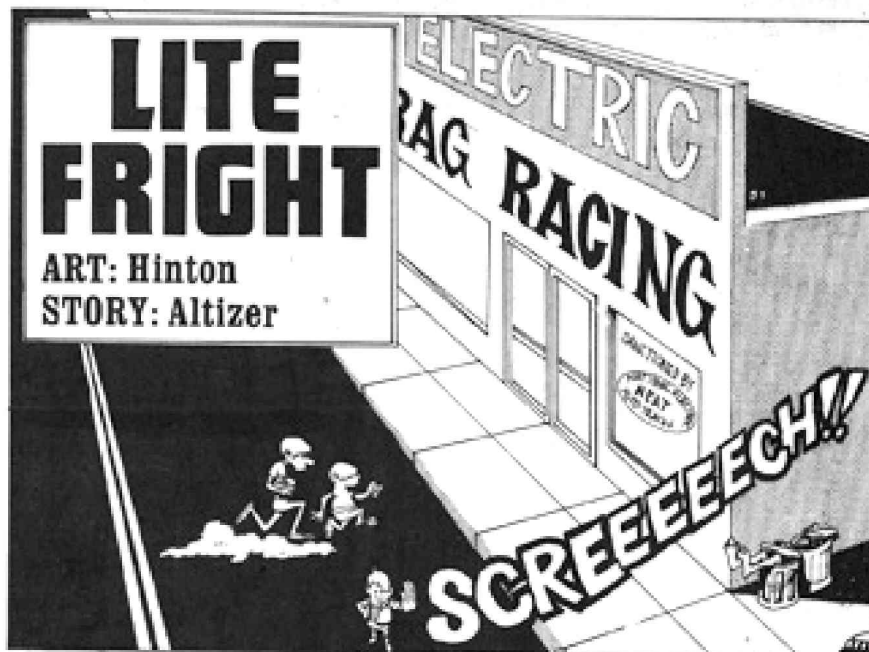
GO
KART
ZCZ

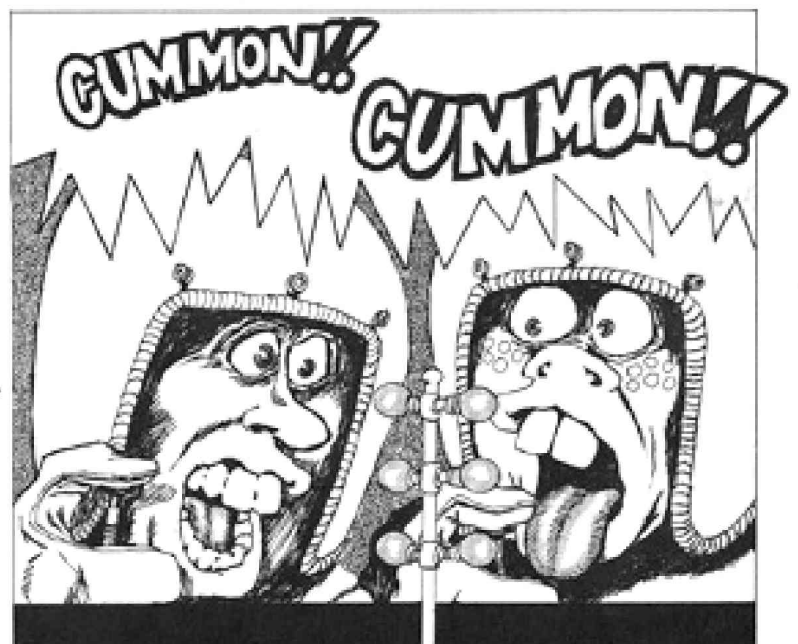
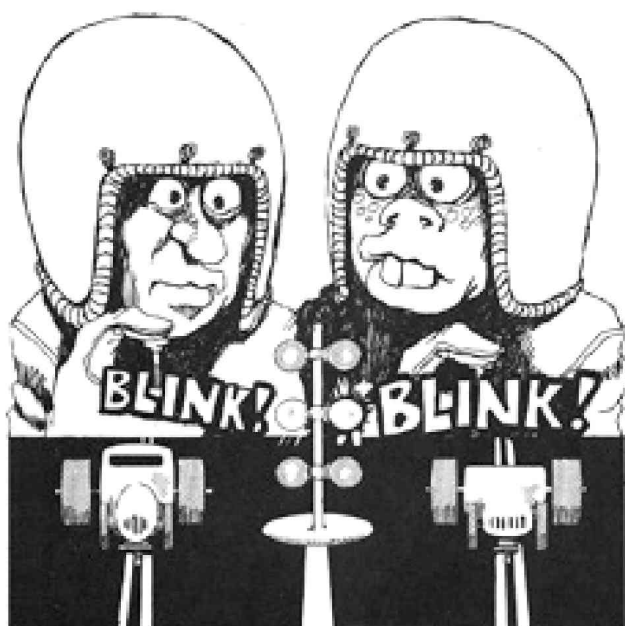
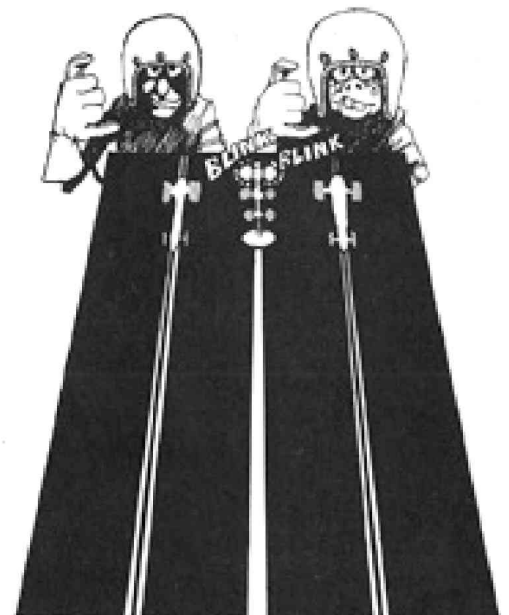




LITE FRIGHT

ART: Hinton
STORY: Altizer





THE SWINGING CLUB

BY TIM MUELLER

THE STRANGE ONE IS *BACK AGAIN*. HE'LL BUG US UNTIL HE'S A *MEMBER* OF OUR CLUB.

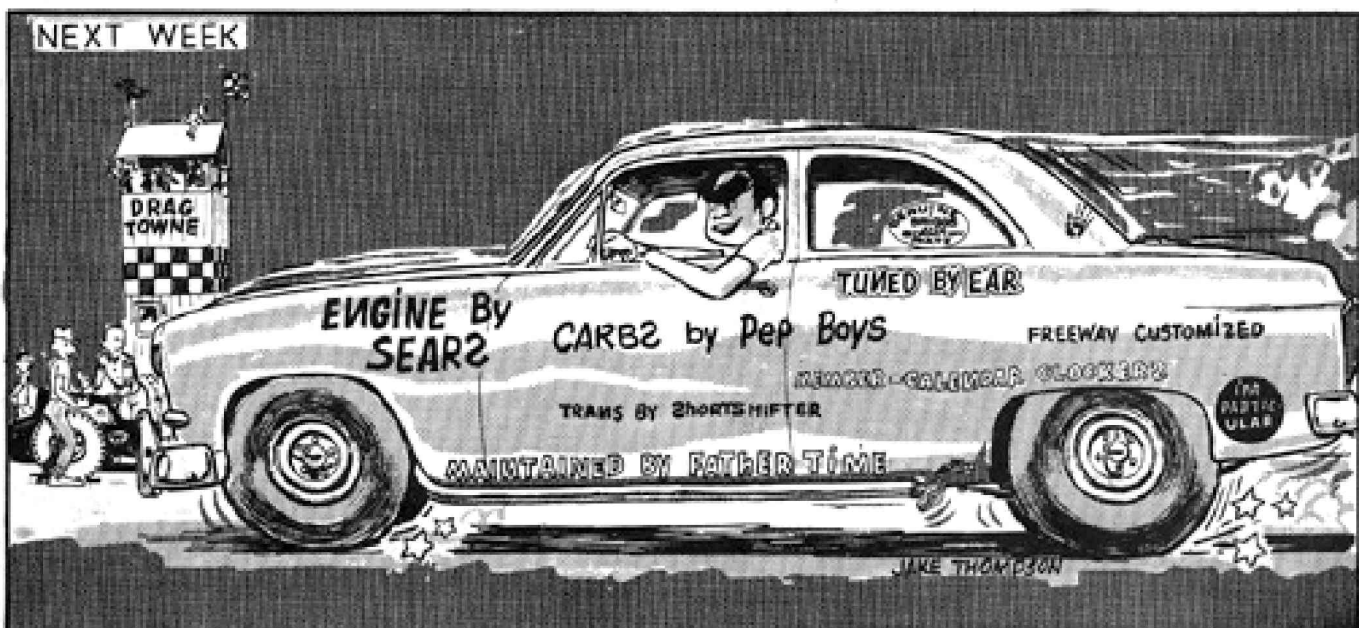
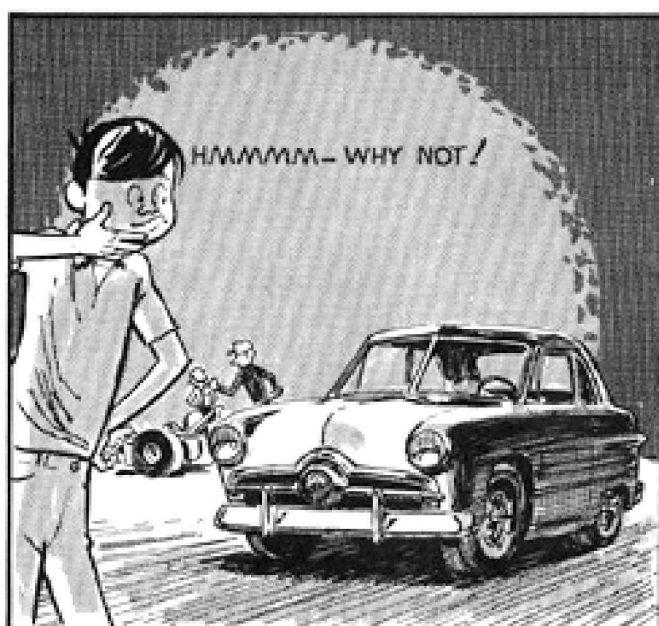
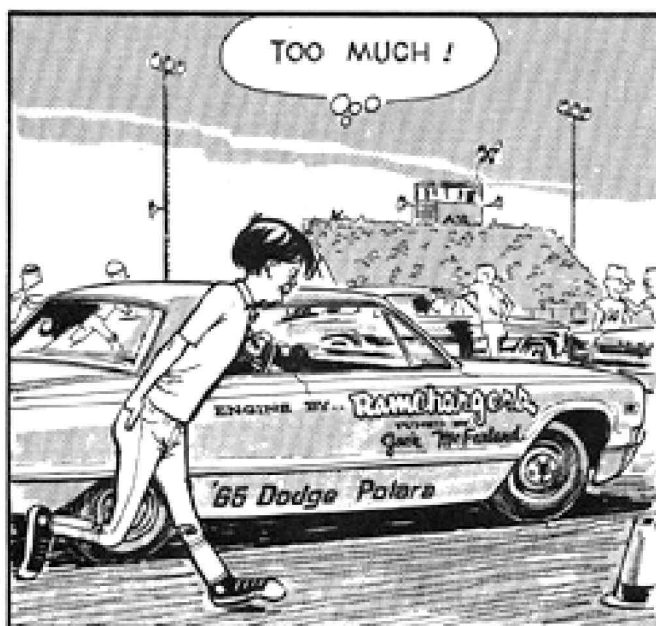
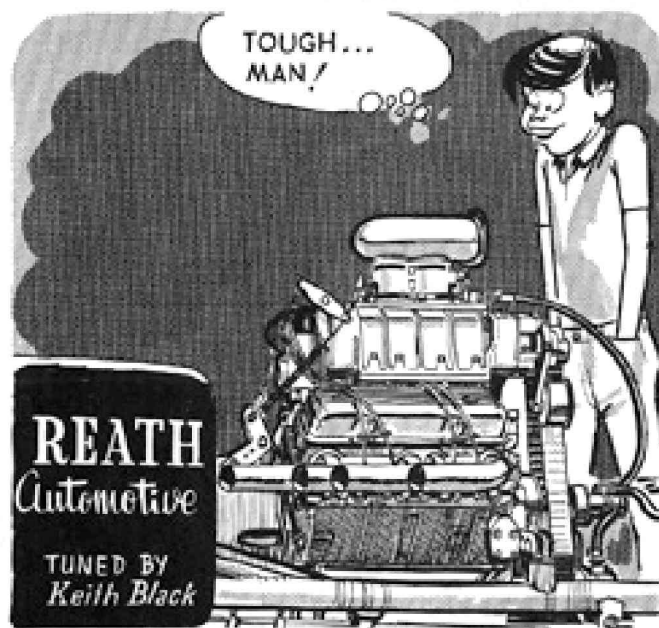
ALL I WANT OUTA MY SKATE BOARDING LIFE, IS A MEMBERSHIP IN THE *ROYAL ROLLERS!*







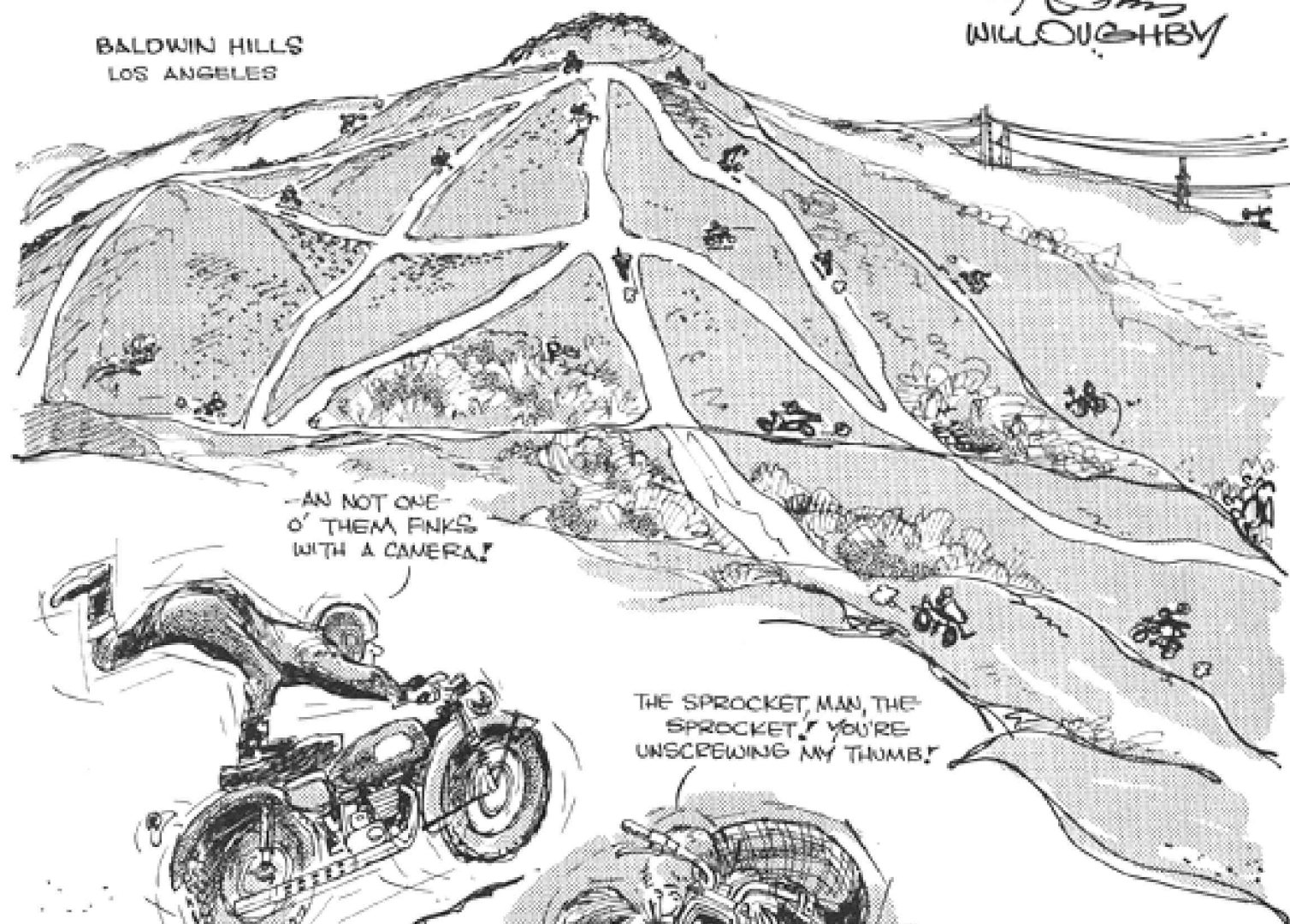
ONLY THE BEST



WEEKEND HILL-SCRAMBLIN' SKETCHES

BALDWIN HILLS
LOS ANGELES

by Jim
WILLOUGHBY



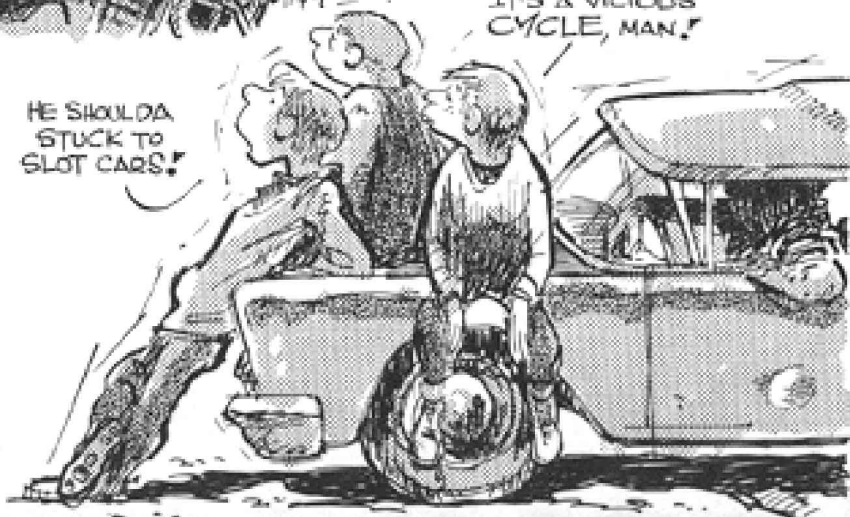
-AM NOT ONE
O' THEM FINKS
WITH A CAMERA!

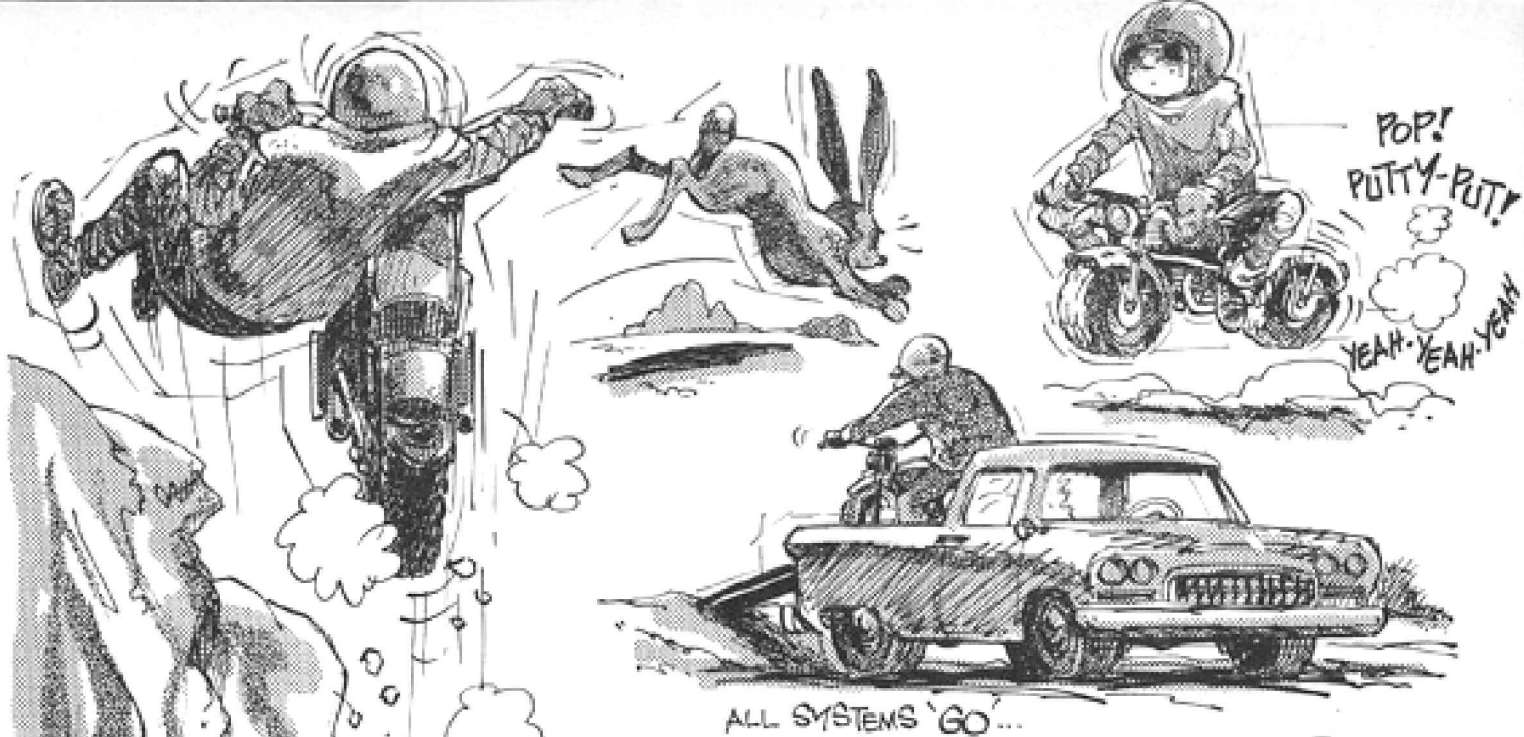
THE SPROCKET MAN, THE
SPROCKET! YOU'RE
UNSCREWING MY THUMB!

IT'S A VICIOUS
CYCLE, MAN!

I WISH THEY'D ALL
SPLIT SO'S THE HILL
KIN BE MINE ALL MINE!

HE SHOULDA
STUCK TO
SLOT CARS!





ALL SYSTEMS 'GO'...



SHEESH!
W-WATCH TH
B-B-BUMPS, POP!

HE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT, MAN!

HE'S GOT TO!
HE'S USIN' MY BIKE
'N' WEARIN' MY
JACKET!

THEM KNOBBIES
IS SLICKS NOW,
MAN!

MAN, THIS
SEAT GETS
HOT!

HE'S HEADIN'
FOR THE
TWILIGHT ZONE!

THAT'S SHOW BIZ

BY J. BONESTELL

HI, ADVENTURE FANS!
I'M YOUR HOST, MR. TRAVEL
AND OUR GUEST WITH A QUEST
TONIGHT HAS SOME THRILLING
FILMS FOR US—
ROLL 'EM, SIDNEY!

LIKE, HI!



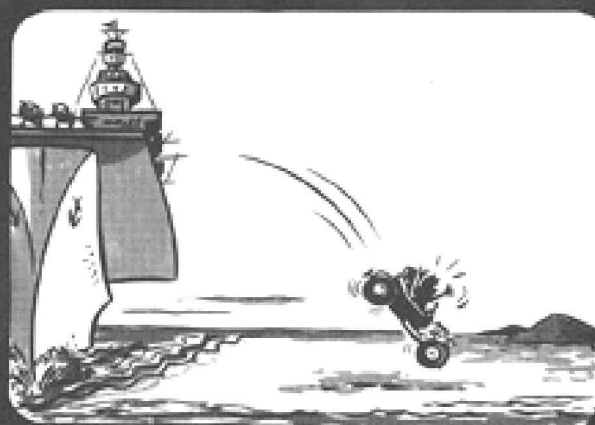
36 DAYS AROUND THE WORLD IN A HOT ROD

"MMM—DID YOU EDIT THIS FILM
YOURSELF?"

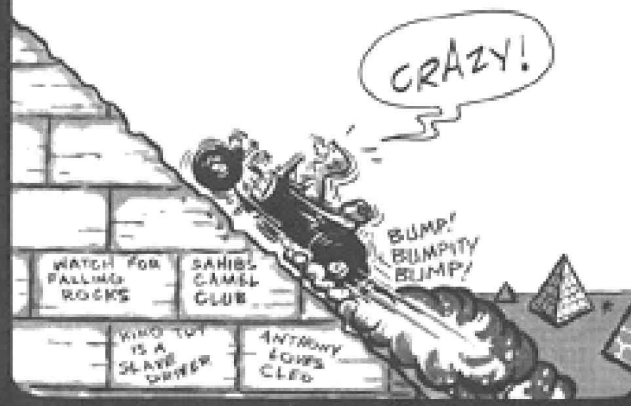
"YESSIR! FIRST TIME I EVER
TRIED MOVIES."



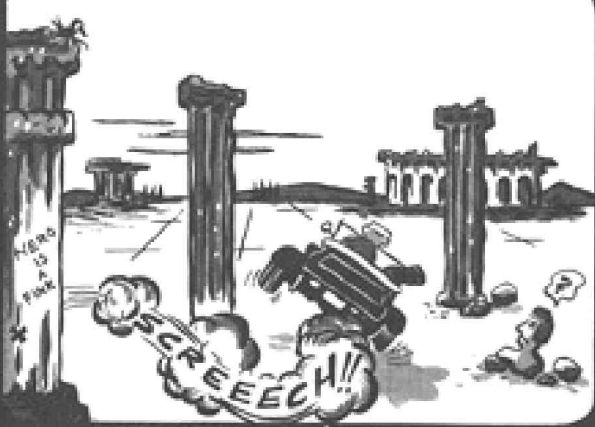
"I LEFT THE STATES ON AN AIRCRAFT
CARRIER—MY OL' MAN'S. HE'S AN ADMIRAL
OR SUMPIN'. TO PASS THE TIME AWAY ON
THE VOYAGE, I DRAGGED WITH THEM
SWINGIN' JETS!"



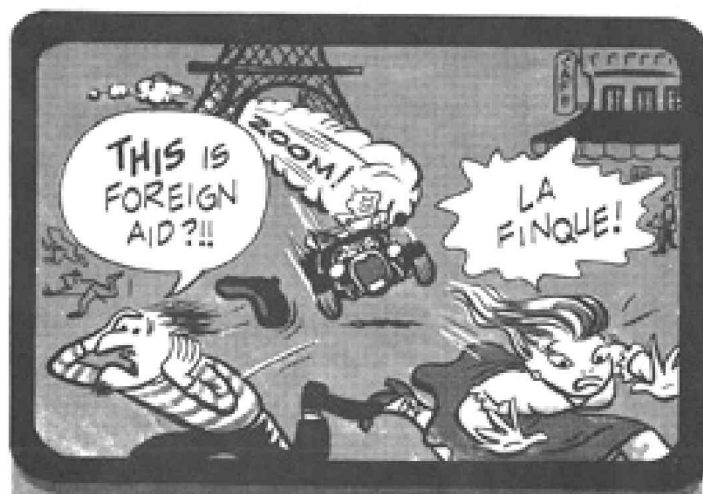
"—BUT DAD DROPPED ME OFF 'FORE WE
LANDED... SAID I WAS MAKIN' THE CREW
NERVOUS... THAT'S ME, THERE—THE
ONE SCREAMIN'."



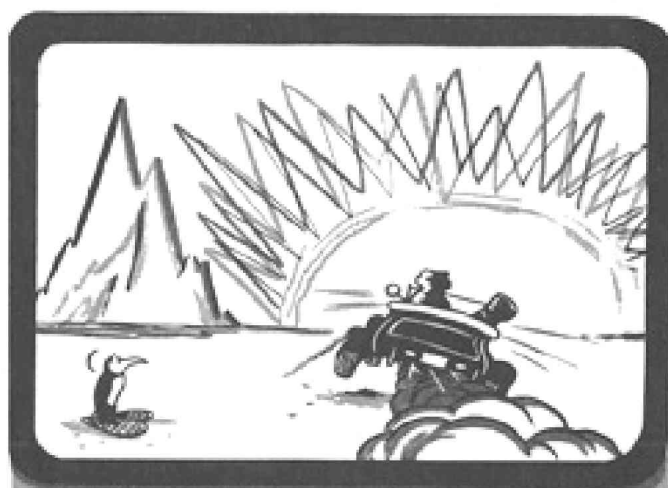
"I THOUGHT A GOOD PLACE TO DRY MY
MILL OUT, WOULD BE THE DESERT... MAN,
I HAD A BALL IN EGYPT, HILL CLIMBIN'
THOSE PEER' AIDS!"



"HERE I AM DOIN' A SLALOM IN ROME.
I NEVER DID SEE SOPHIA LOREN."

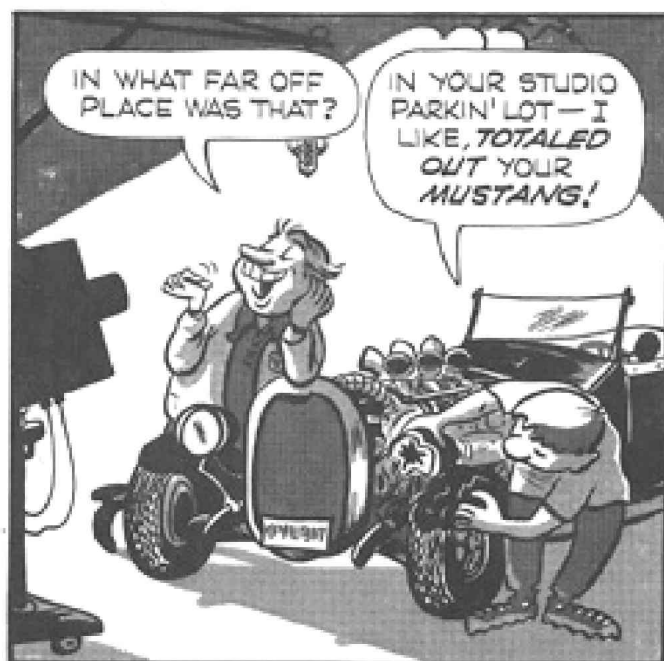
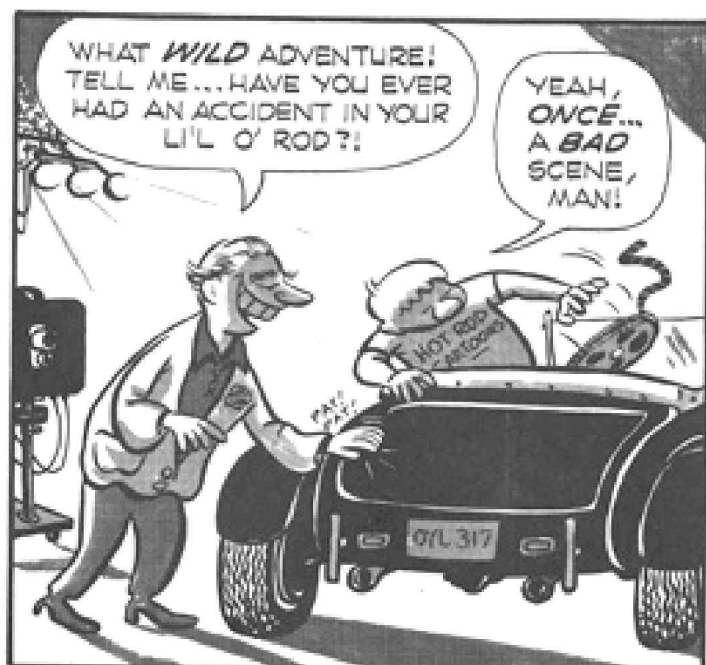


"MAN, THOSE FRENCH ARE AN EXCITEABLE BUNCH!"



"I LOST MY ROAD MAP 'N' CREDIT CARD, SO HEADED BACK TO THE STATES."

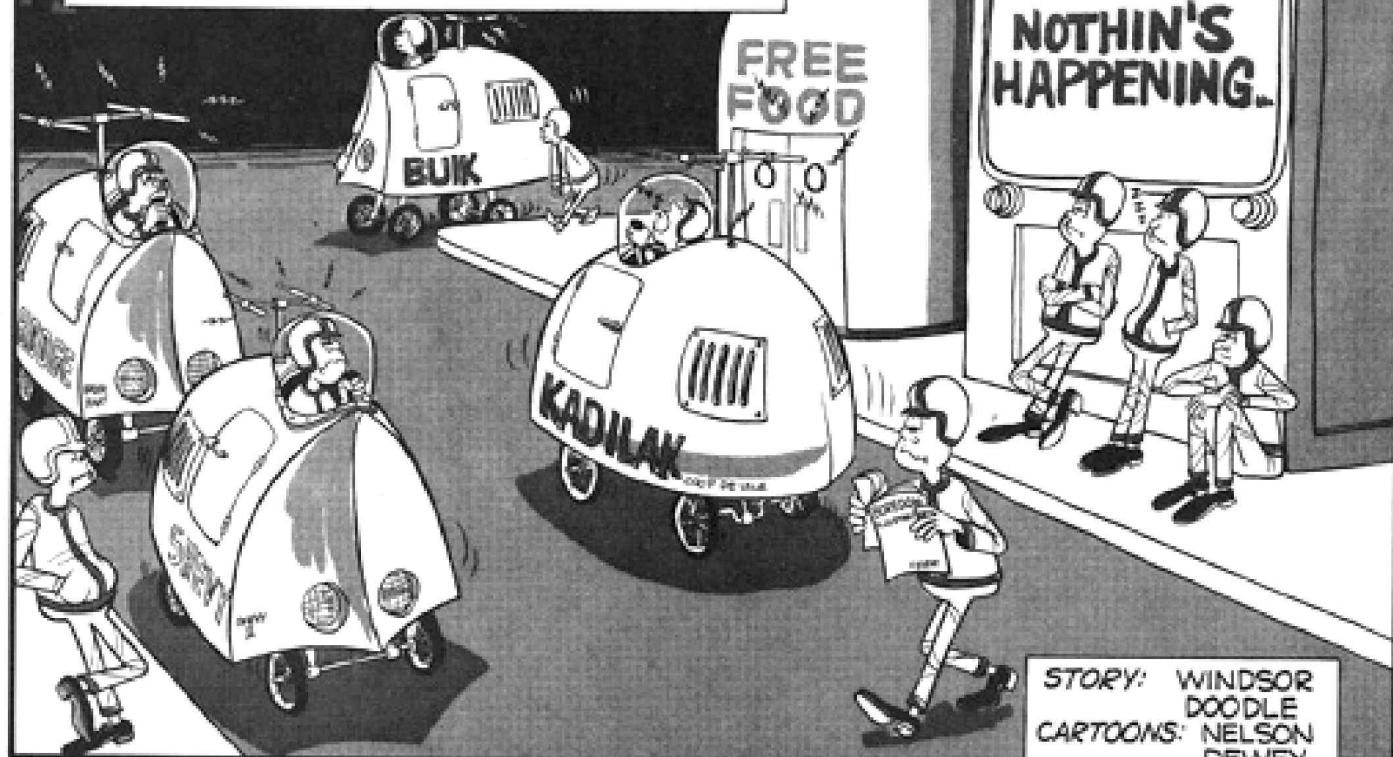
"B-BY WAY OF ANTARCTICA...?"



"-ER, DUE TO TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES BEYOND OUR CONTROL, THE VIDEO PORTION OF THIS PROGRAM WILL NOT BE SEEN, LUCKILY."

END

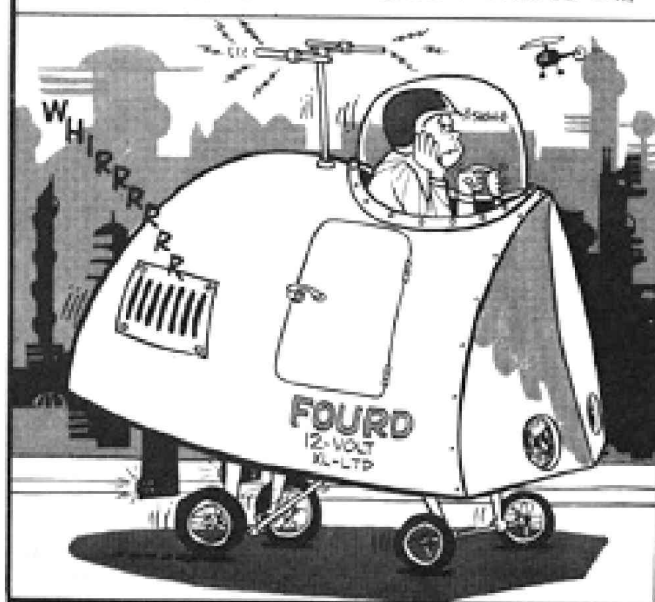
THE YEAR 2006: PEOPLE HAVE BECOME DULL, BORED CONFORMISTS. THEY LOOK AND THINK ALIKE, AND THEIR CARS ALL LOOK ALIKE. THEY NEVER HAVE ANY FUN AND DON'T SEEM TO CARE...



STORY: WINDSOR
DOODLE
CARTOONS: NELSON
DEWEY

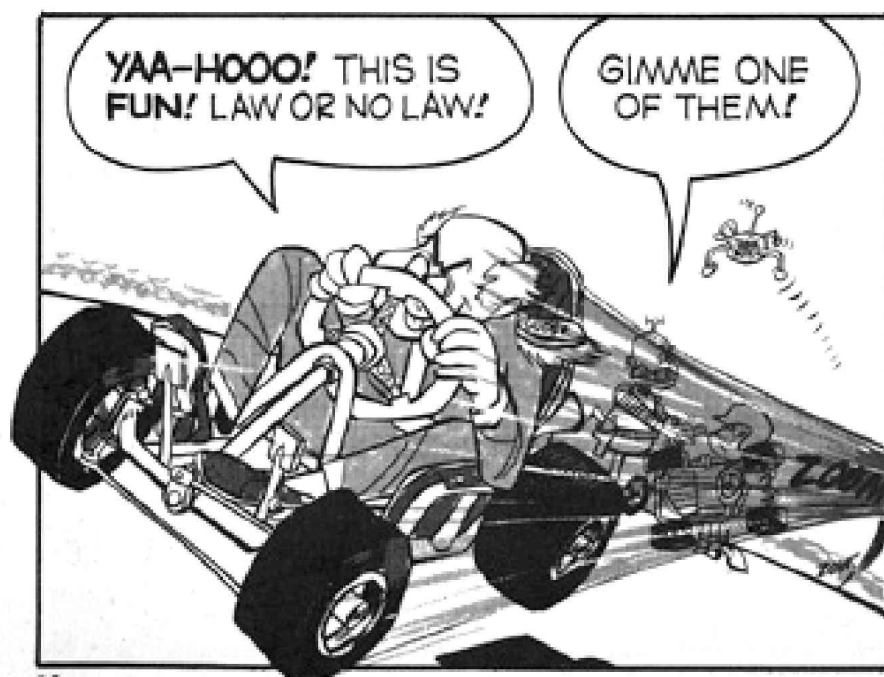
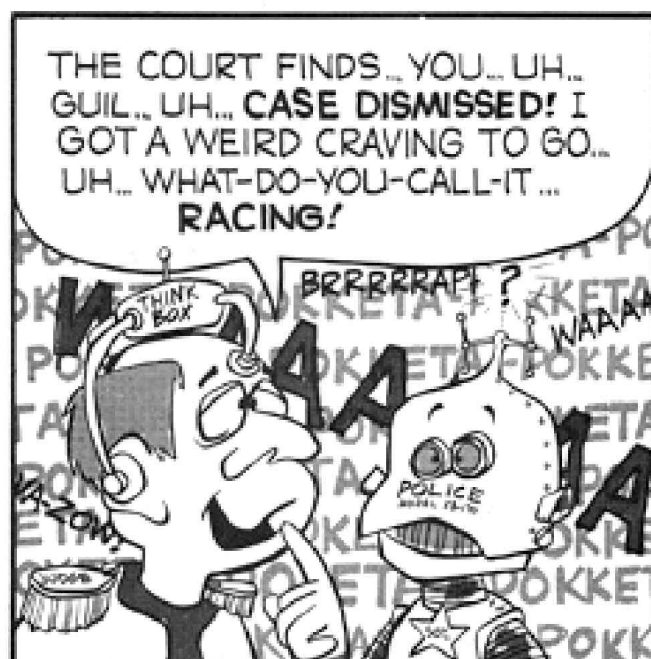
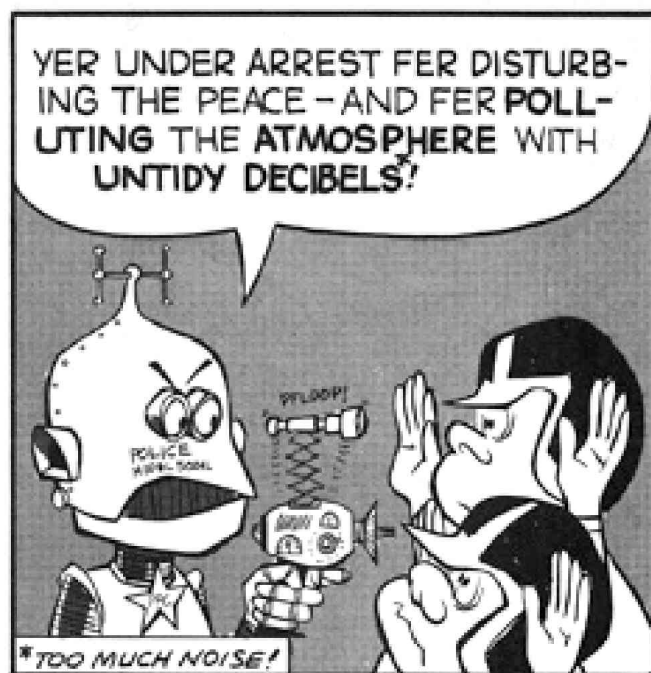
BREAKIN' THE SILENCE BARRIER

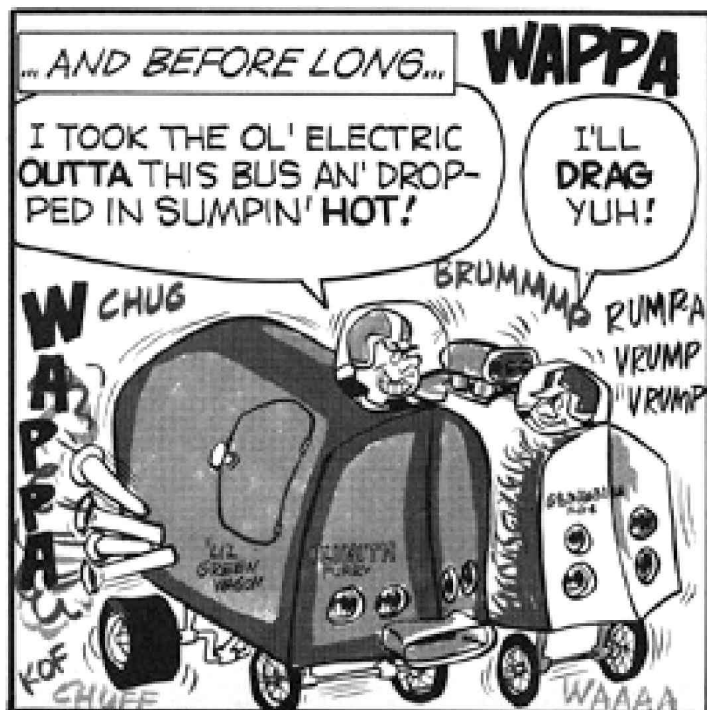
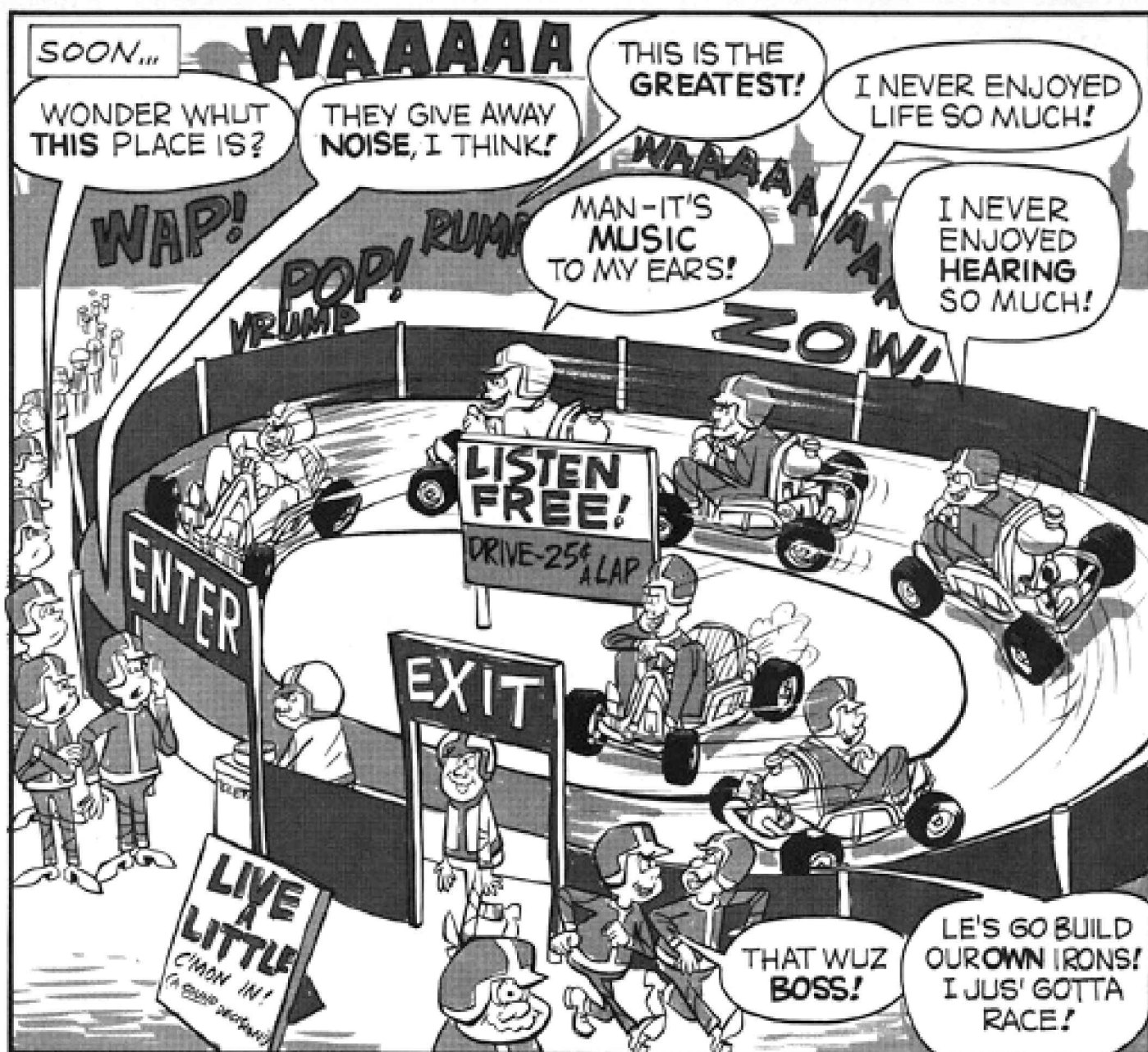
CARS USE **ELECTRICITY**—THEY'RE QUIET AND DISGUSTINGLY **SLOW**—SIX M.P.H.! BUT NOBODY MINDS...



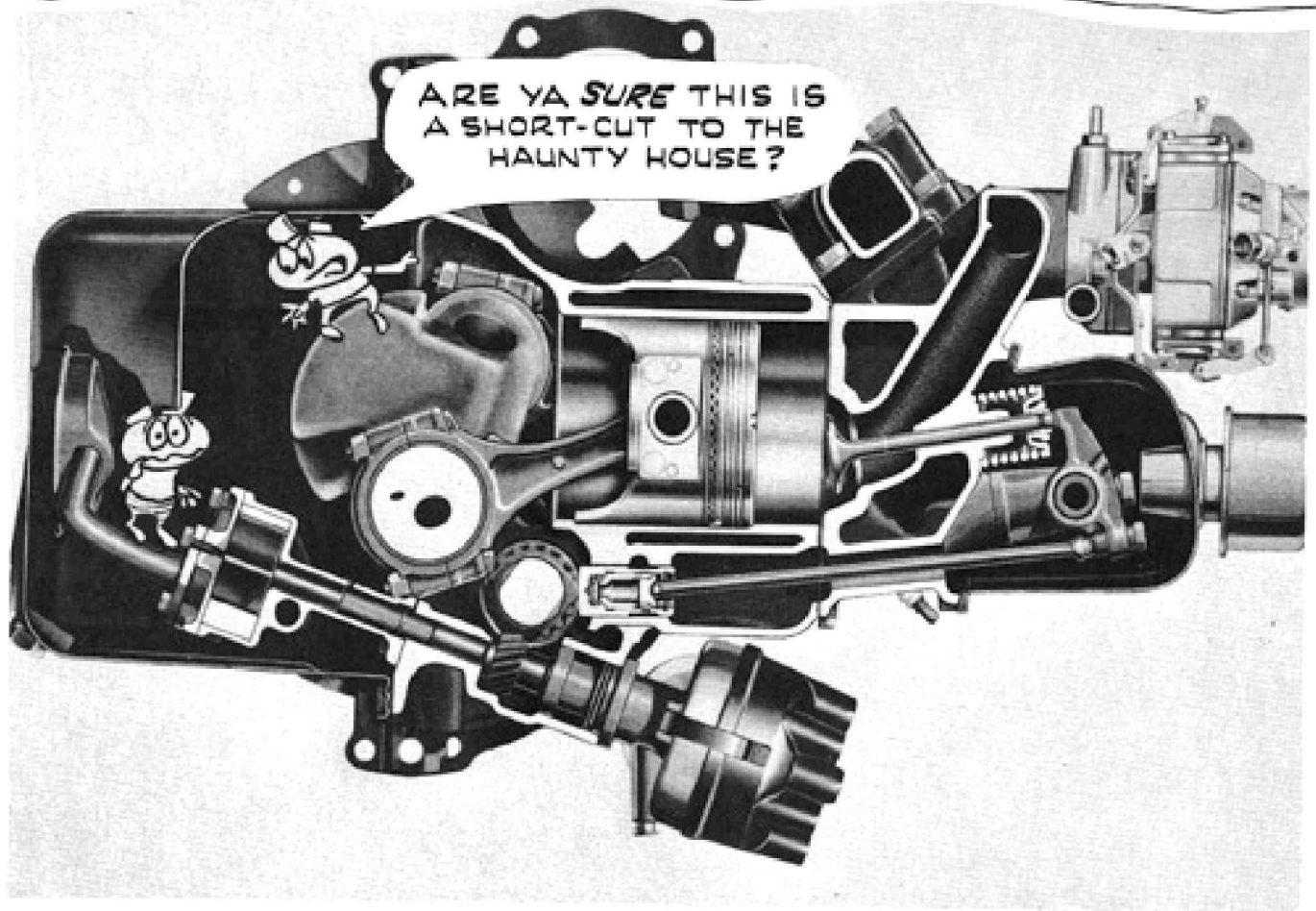
IN AN **OLD** SECTION OF THE PLANET, THOUGH, A GROUP OF GUYS STUMBLE INTO SOMETHING...

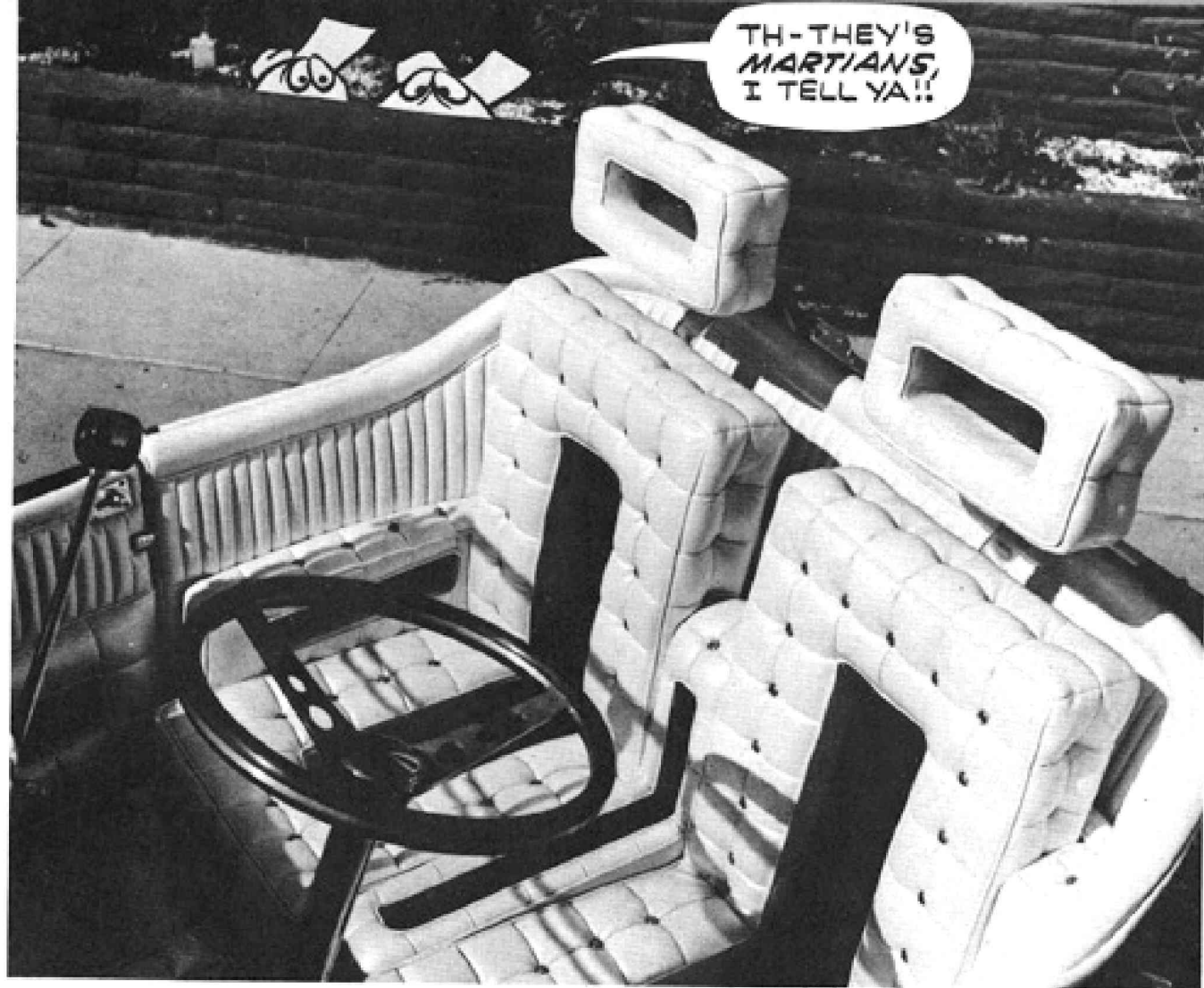






* Car stunts WITH Varmints *

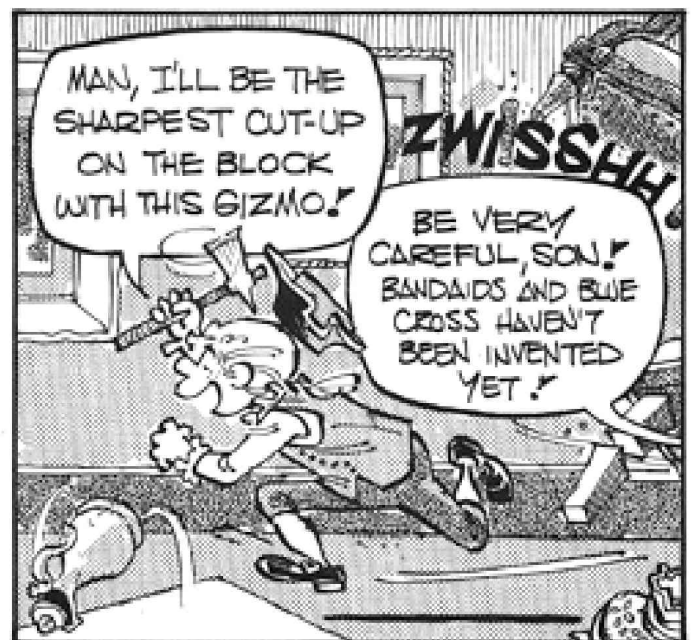


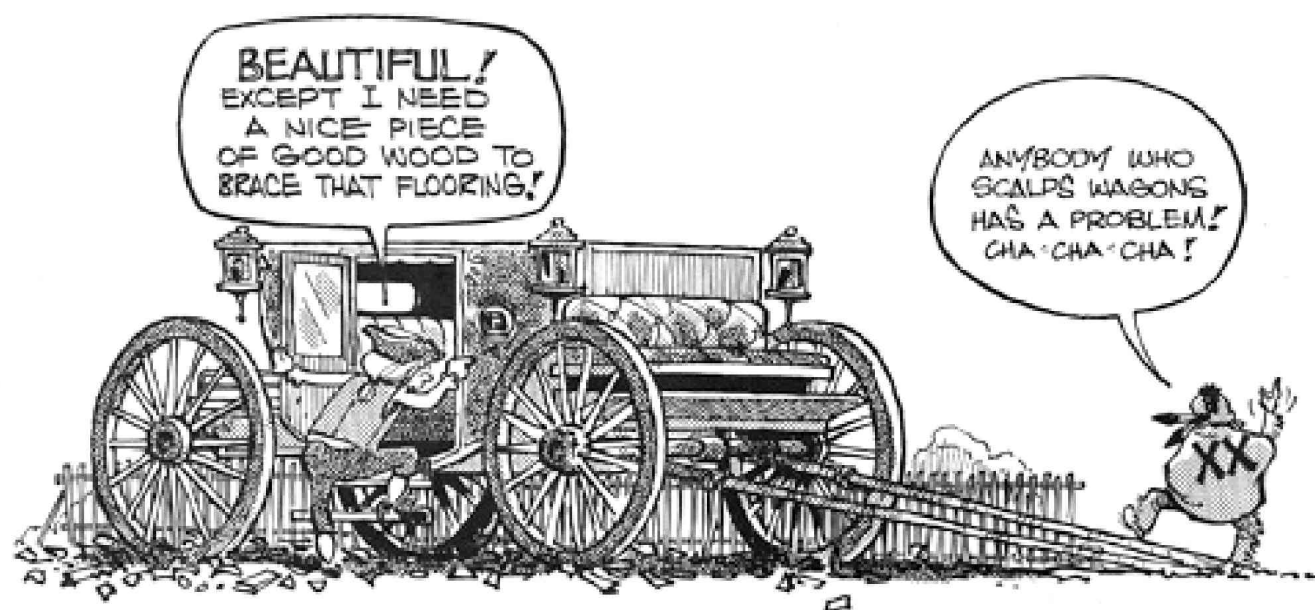
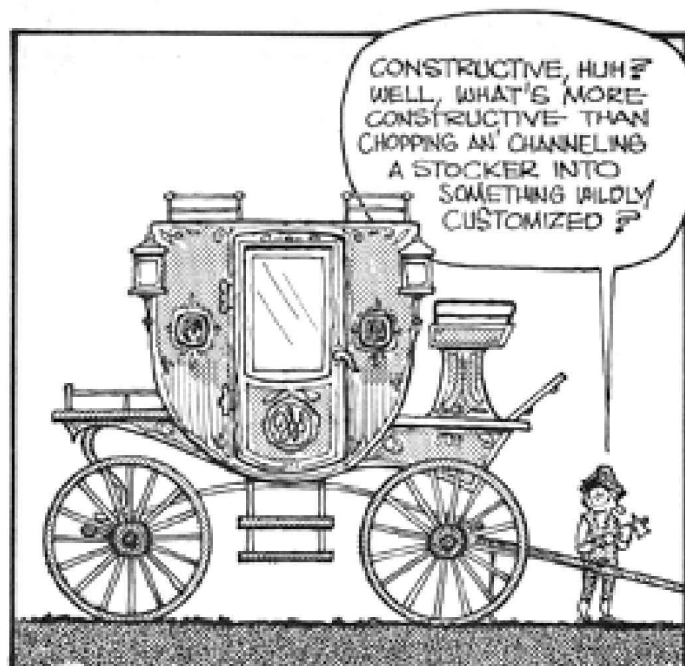


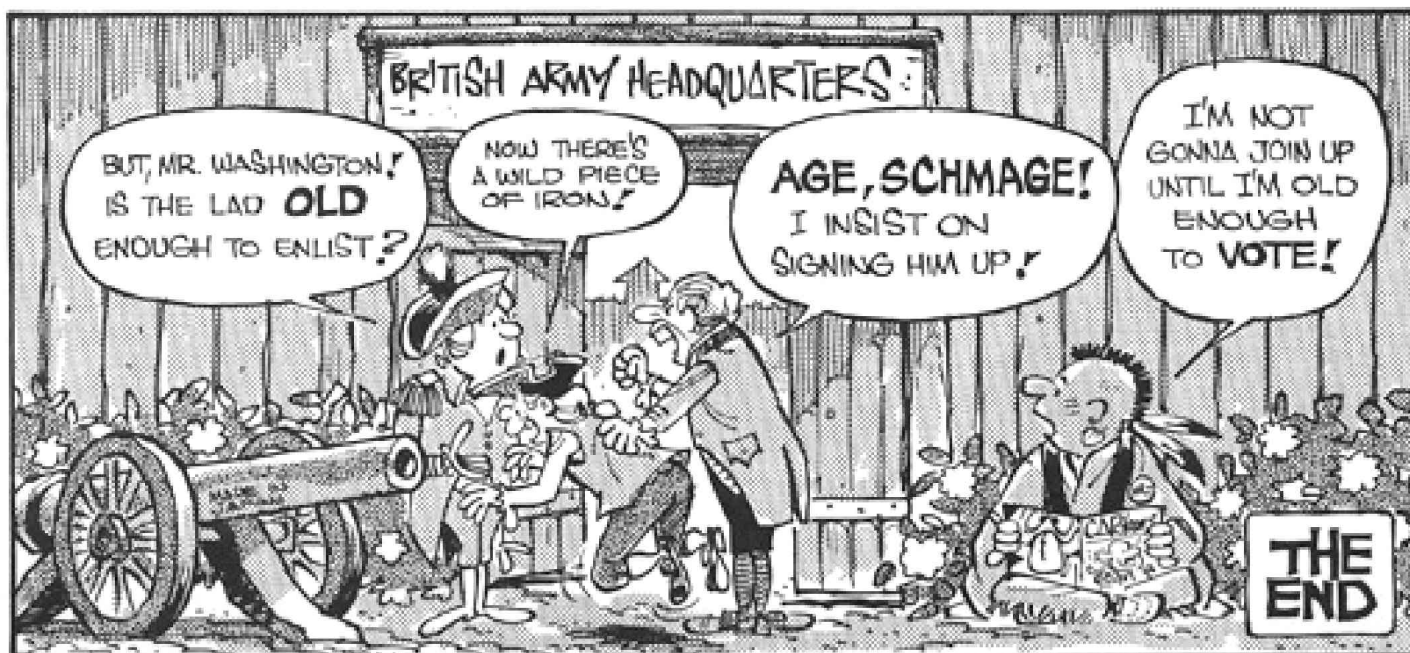
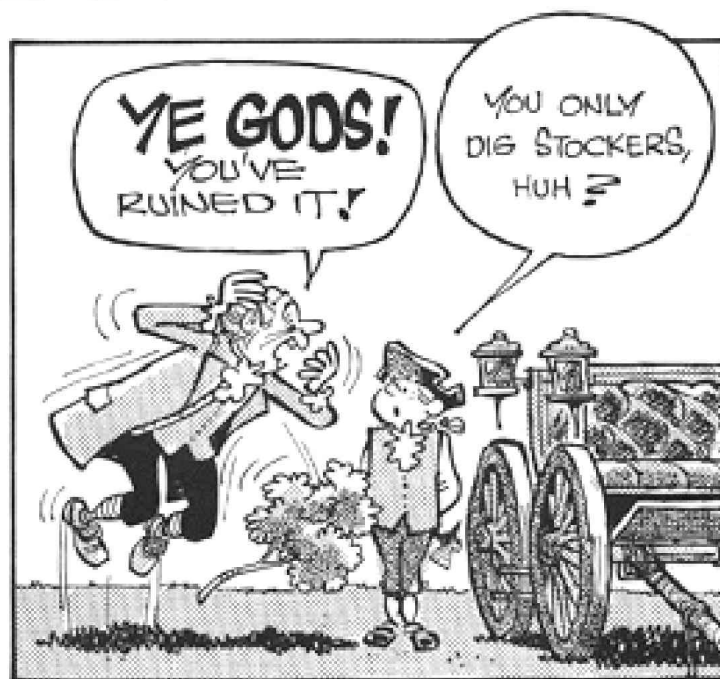
AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM

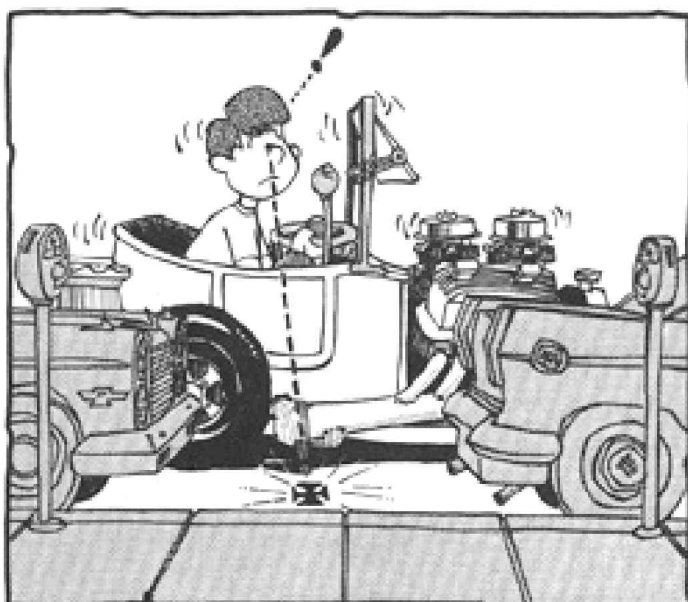
Script: CARL KOHLER

Arte: *Sam WILL Doughty*

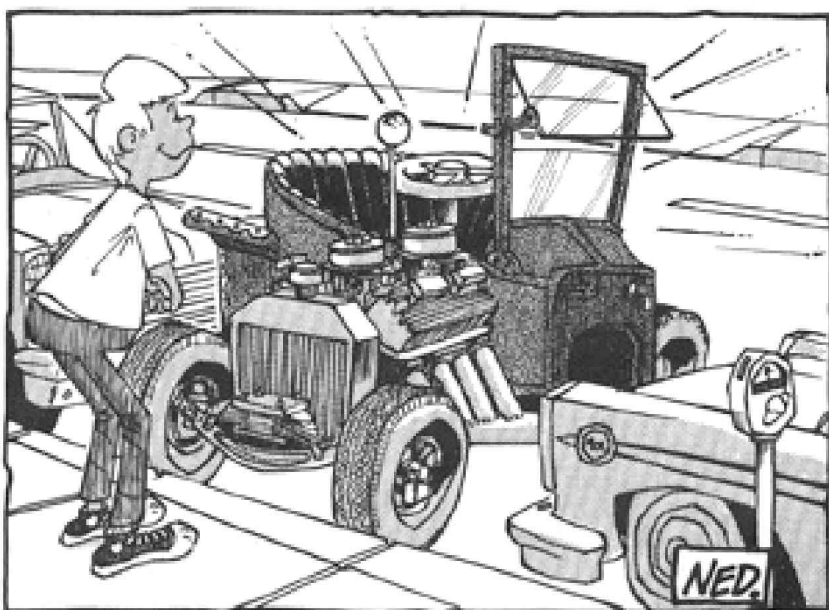
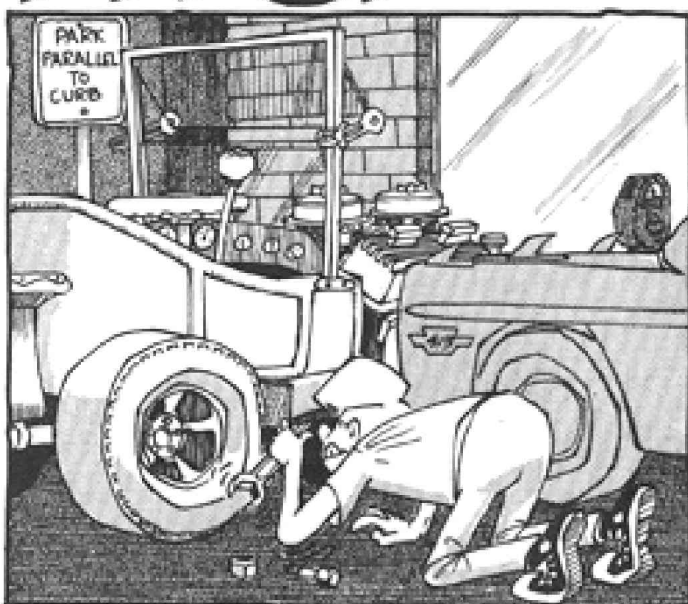
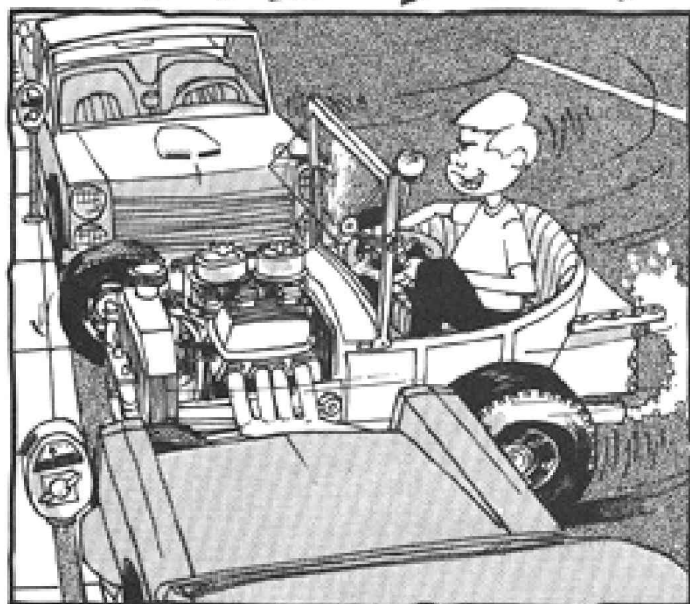


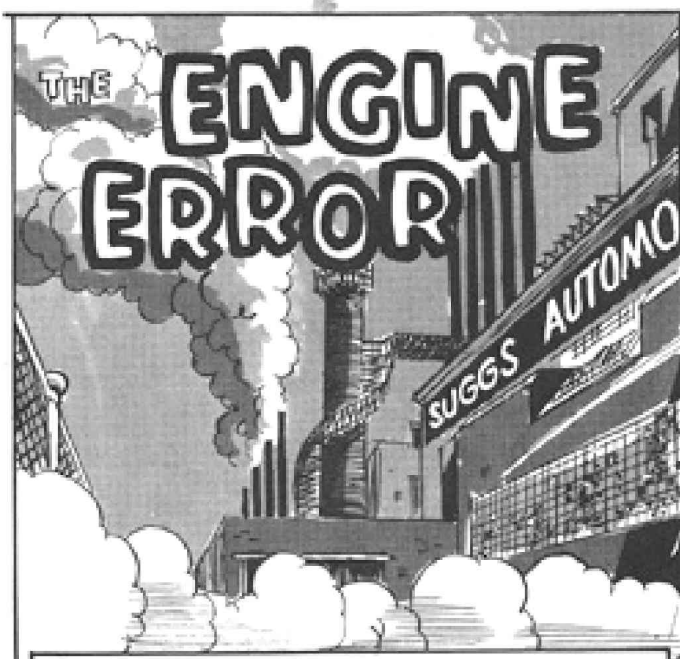






NEW TWIST





THE ENGINE ERROR



I HAVE IT J.B.!!

THE OFFICE OF J.B. SUGGS...PRESIDENT OF THE SUGGS AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY.

HERE IT IS J.B.!! THE NEW HELMET DESIGN YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!!

S'ABOUT TIME.



SLIP IT ON AN' I'LL CHECK IT FOR SAFETY!

NO!...ER...UH...THAT'S A JOB FOR A FREELANCE HELMET TESTER!



IS THIS A HELMET TESTER??...DANCE OVER TO SUGGS AUTOMOTIVE, WE GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YUH!

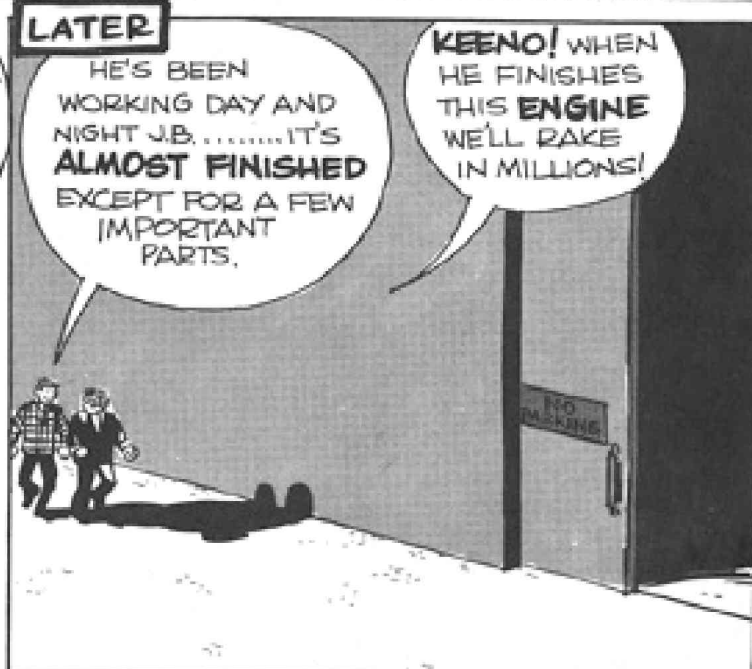
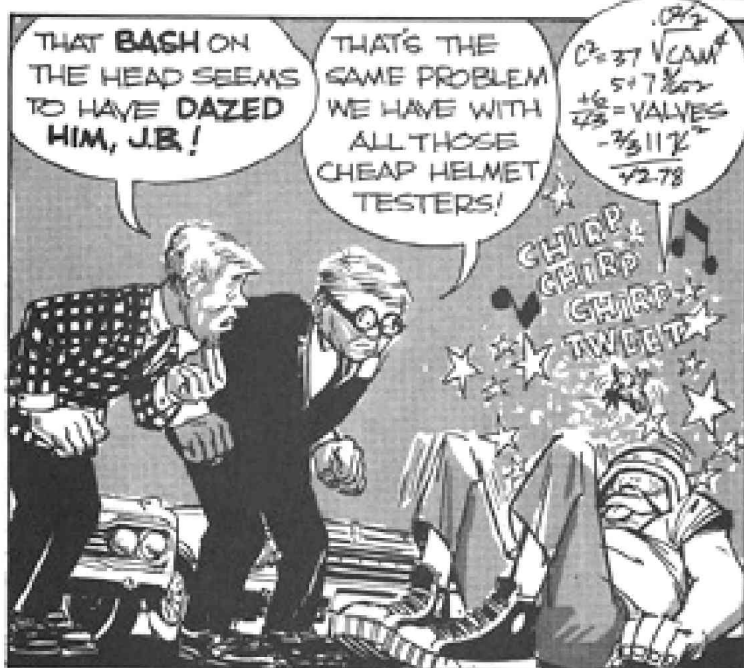
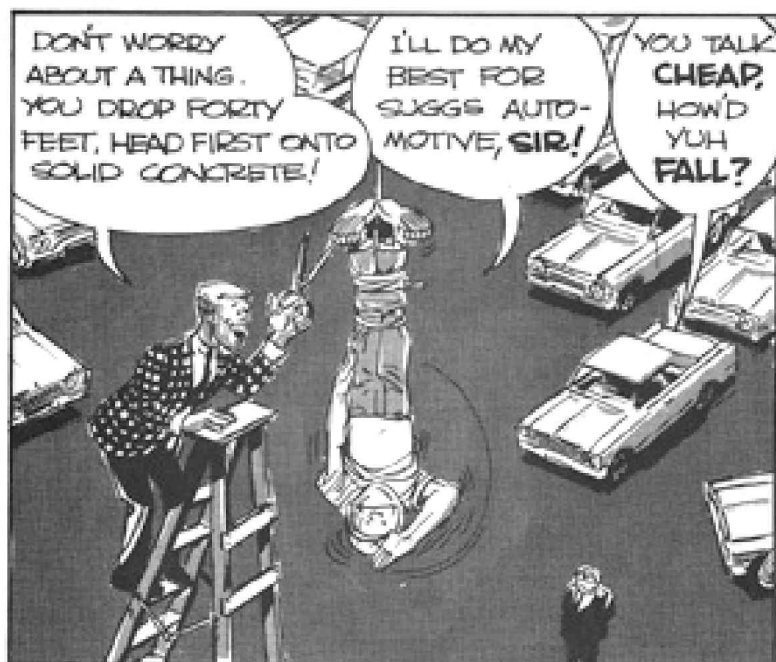
DON'T FORGET T'ASK IF HE WORKS CHEAP!



LATER

GOLLY WHIZ! I'M SO EXCITED! MY FIRST BIG HELMET TEST AND A CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD!







DIG SWINGIN' MAGS?



Then HERE'S a coupla BOSS MAGS you can make a FAST RUN on!



PLEASE ☐ HOT ROD CARTOONS for 1 Year (six issues) \$2.00* ☐
 SEND ☐ CARTOONS for 1 Year (six issues) \$2.00* ☐
 ME: ☐ BOTH for 1 Year (twelve issues) \$3.50* ☐

*U.S. Military & Possessions Only

Other Countries Add \$1.00 For Postage

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 CITY.....
 STATE.....
 ZIP.....

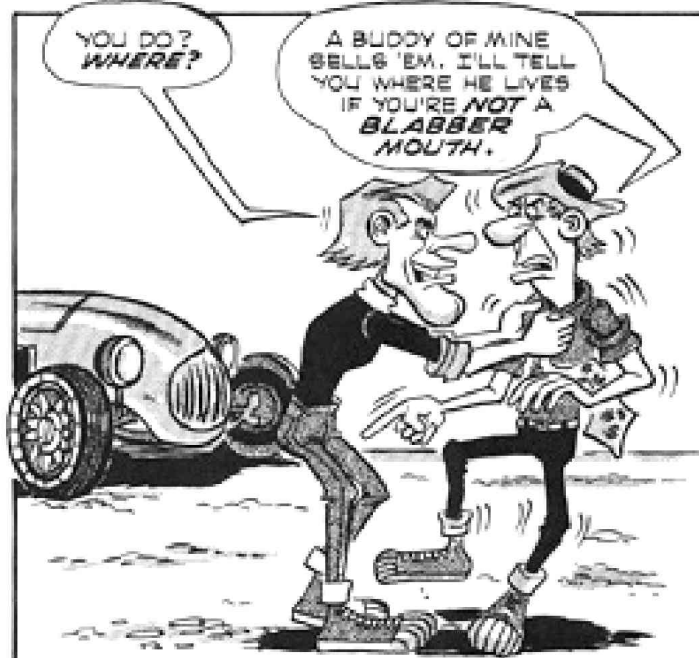


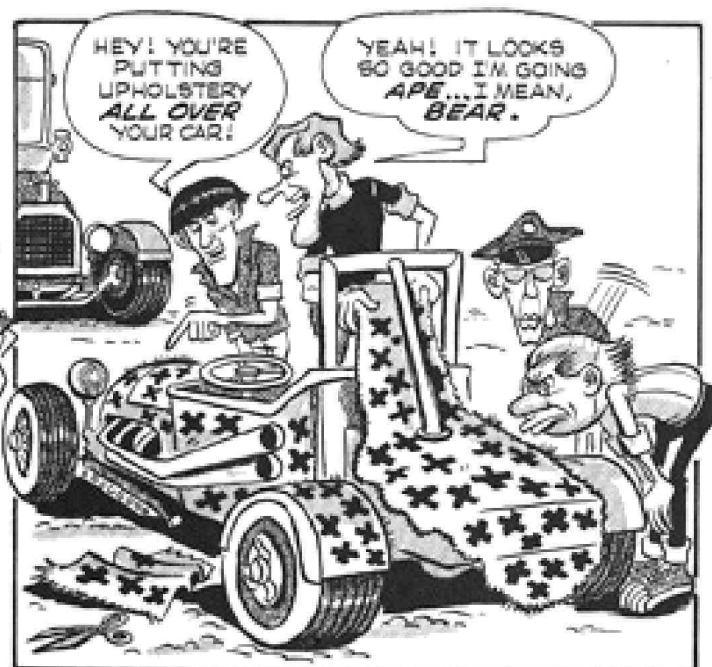
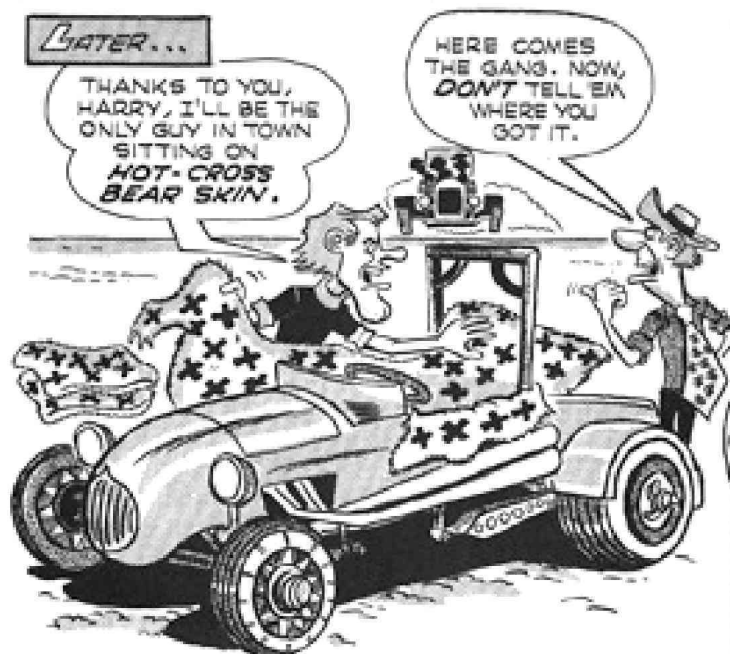
PETERSEN PUBLISHING COMPANY
 5959 Hollywood Blvd.
 Los Angeles, California 90028

CT 2-66

THE SKIN GAME

BY JIM MUELLER

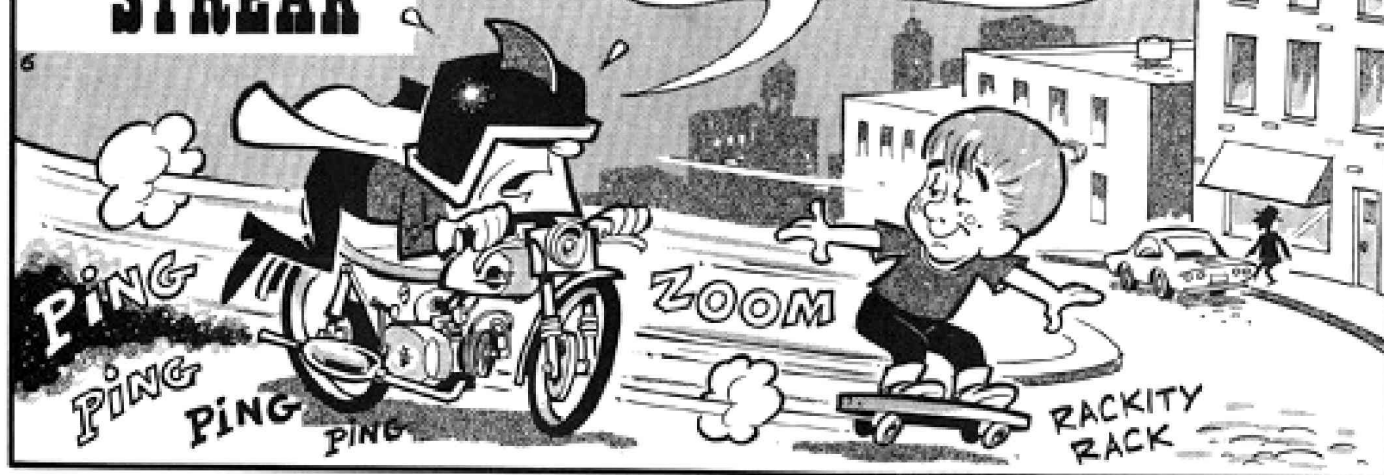




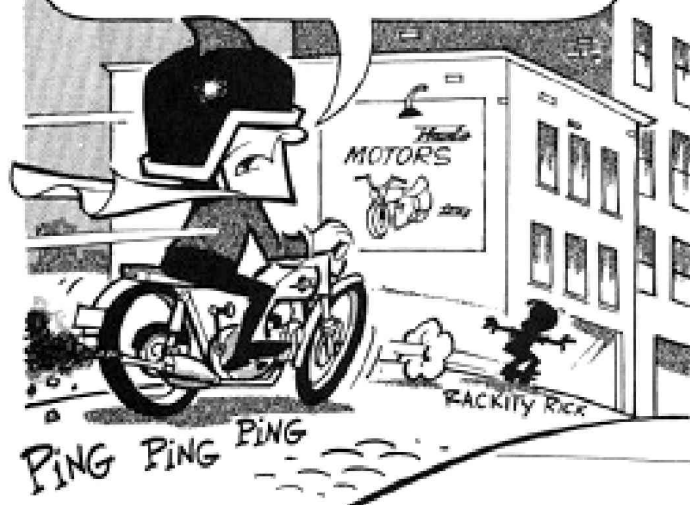


THE SCARLET STREAK

GOOD GRIEF! I'M GETTIN' SHUT DOWN BY A SKATEBOARD!



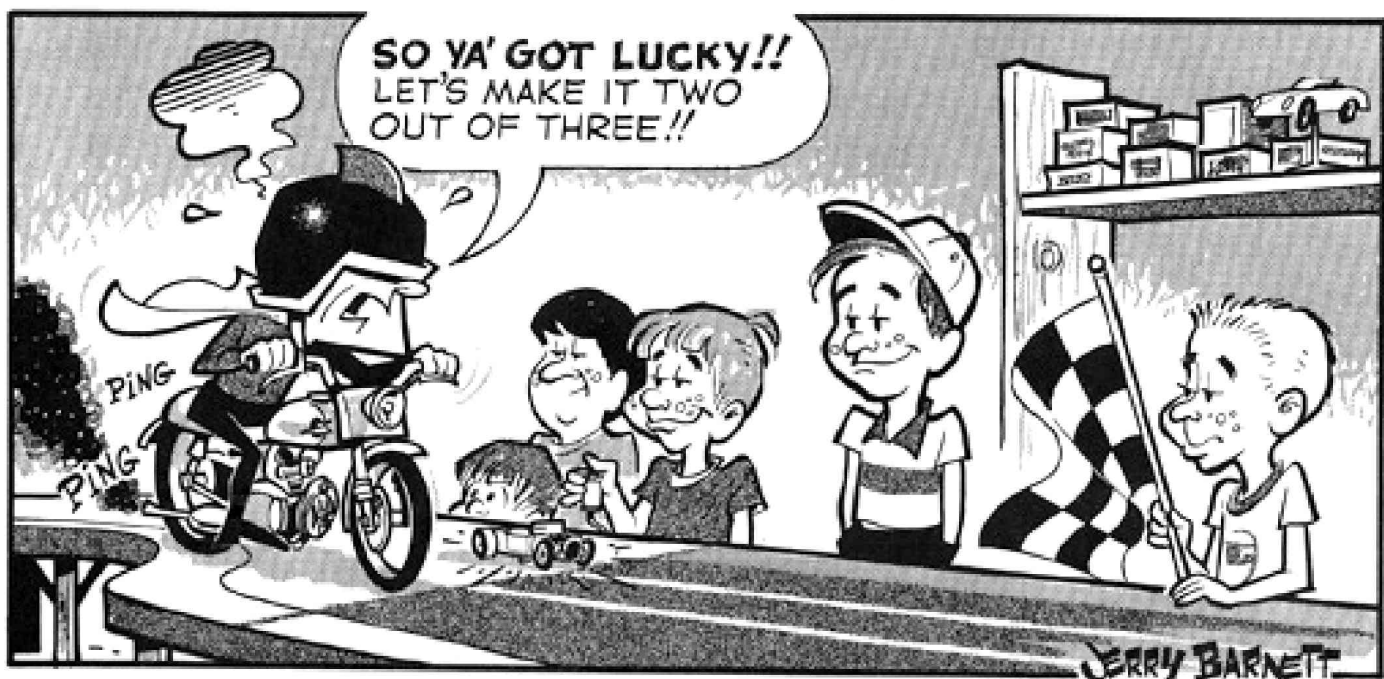
MY NEW YAKASKI "25" JUST GOT SMOKED BY GRAVITY!



THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN **OUTDRAG** WITH THIS MILEAGE-MAKER!!



SO YA' GOT LUCKY!! LET'S MAKE IT TWO OUT OF THREE!!



JERRY BARNETT

SPEED TRIAL

STORY: CHUCK ALTIZER...ART: WOODY KIMBRELL

MAN! I JUST GOTTA DRIVE ONE OF THEM JOBS!
VAROOM! I CAN'T STAND IT! MAYBE IF I
ASK SOMEBODY...

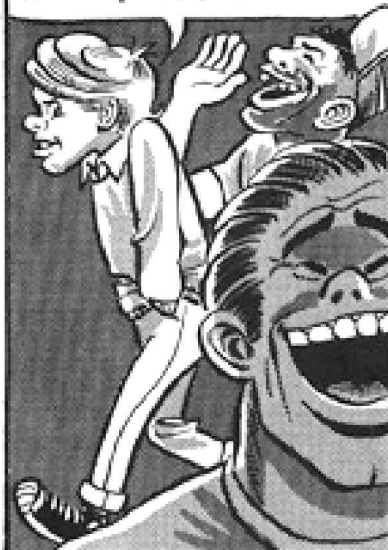


HEY, LET ME DRIVE
ONE LITTLE
OL' TIME,
HUH?
JUST
ONCE?

FLAKE
OFF,
ARCHIE...
YER TOO
YOUNG!



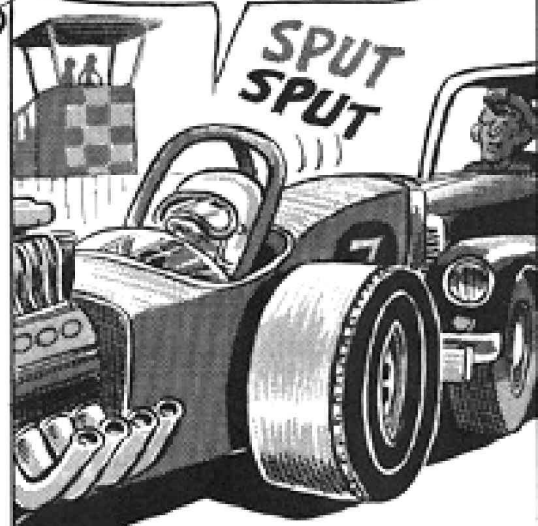
LAUGH AT ME, WILL
THEY? I'LL SHOW'EM!



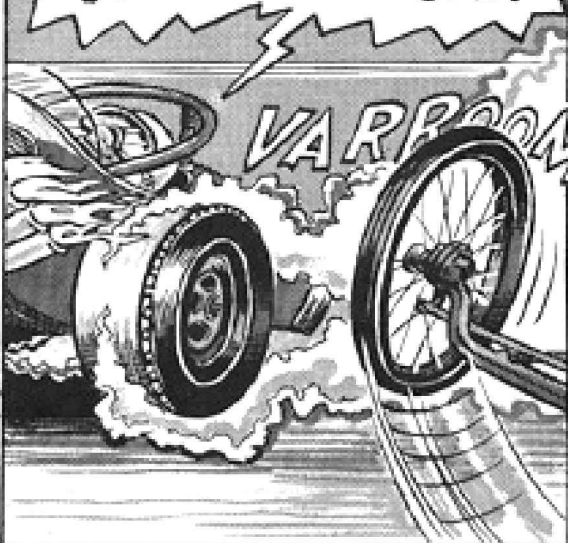
NOW, IF I CAN JUST
SNEAK IN WHILE THE
DRIVER'S SIGNING
AUTOGRAPHS!



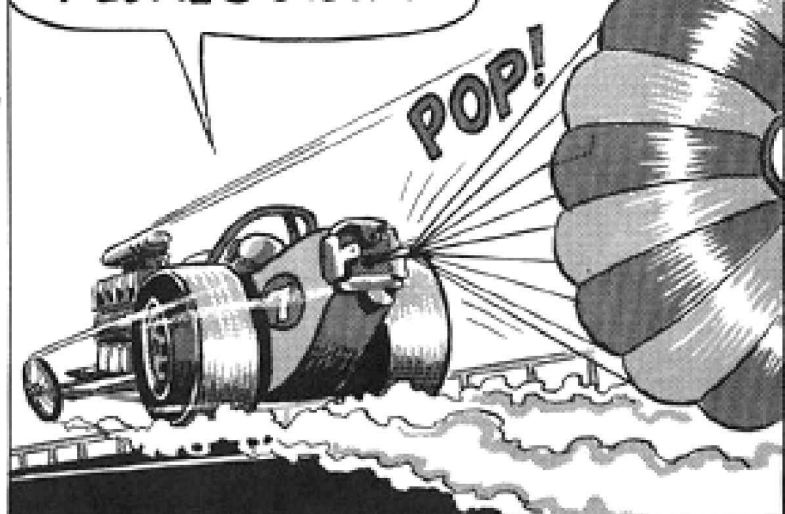
BOSS! THEY THINK
I'M THE DRIVER!



BANZAI!! OR IS IT
ZON BAI?



WOTTA RUN! NOW TO PUT THE
WHOA ON THIS BEAST... UH-OH... THE
PEDAL'S STUCK!





TIREZAN

of the APEHANGERS

THE HECK WITH HOLLERIN' THAT CORNY YELL! IT'LL ONLY PUT THEM LI'L PIGMY-TYPES ON MY BACK -- AN' IT GIVES ME A SORE THROAT!

GET READY, GANG!

WHEN HE HITS TH' BIKE, WE RUSH 'IM!

MAN, WOTTA SWINGIN' CHARACTER!



ART BY TOM

OOOOOFFFF!!
I'M JES' ALL COORDINATION!!

GIT 'IM!!

YEAH-YEAH-YEAH!!

DON'T LET 'IM GET AWAY!!

THUD!



WHY THEM DIRTY
LI'L -- THEY MUSTA
DRAINED ALL THE
JUICE OUTA MY HOG!

RELAX, BABY -- YA
AIN'T SPLITTIN' ANYWHERE!

SOMEBODY QUICK
TELL ME HOW TO TIE
A SQUARE-KNOT!

WHY NOT A
HIP-KNOT
INSTEAD?

HOW COME YOU LI'L PESTS
ALWAYS GOTTA BRING ME DOWN?

SHUDDUP,
AND KEEP
STUMBLIN'!

WE
NEED
YA,
MAN!

NEED
ME? FER
WOT?

WELL, WE FIGURE
YER GOOD FER A
KINDA SACRIFICE!

YEAH,
YOU'RE
THE ONLY
ONE WHO
KIN DO
IT!

YOU THE
LEADER OF
THIS GANG OF
ROWDIES?

RIGHT,
BABY!

SAY 'SIR'
WHEN YA TALK
TO THE KING-TYPE,
YA CLOD!

WHY'M I
BUSTED
THIS TIME?

SEE THAT HILL?
TOMORROW, WE
GONNA STORM UP
THAT CRAZY OL'
HILL! IT'S LIKE
TRADITION
WITH US, BABY!

SAY 'SIR'
WHEN YA
TALK TO THE
KING-TYPE,
YA CLOD!

HILL-SCHMILL!
WOT'S THAT GOT
TO DO WITH ME?
I'M STRIKTLY A
TREE-CLIMBER,
MYSELF!

YOU'RE KINDA
OUT ON A LIMB
RIGHT NOW,
SWINGER-BABY!
UNLESS YOU HELP
US MAKE THAT HILL
SCENE IN STYLE --
YOU'RE GONNA BE
REAL GROUNDED
FEREVER!

WE GOTTA HAVE
WHEELS FER A
HILL-CLIMB -- AN'
YOU DIG BIKES,
SO...

SO I FIX YER BIKES
AND I KIN GO LIKE
FREE, RIGHT?

All that night ...

SNAP IT UP,
MAN! ALMOST
DAWN!

WOTTA RANK WAY TO
EARN MY FREEDOM!
I OUGHTA CHARGE'EM
OVERTIME!



MAKE WAY FER A
TRADITIONALIST!

YOU TALKIN'
DIRTY OR HIP,
MAN?

I'M
HEP!

MAN, THIS OL'
BUZZER NEVER
RAN BETTER!

WONDER IF THAT HILL-JAZZ
IS MORE FUN THAN DOIN'
VERTICALS UP TREE TRUNKS,
AN' ALL?

ZAP
PUKA-PUN
RRRUMMMBLE
POP
PIFFLE

HEY, HILL-
CLIMBIN' IS
THE CRAZIEST!

LOOKIT'IM GO
FASTER'N A
SPEEDIN'
BULLET!

HE'S
STOKED
ON HILLS!

OKAY, SO YA GOT VOTED
LEADER OF THE GROUP!
WHY DON'TCHA GO CLIMB
A TREE OR SUMPIN'?

TREES
IS FER TH'
BIRDS,
BABY!



END

CAR-icatures...

TAS MAHALI
Rank rail designer
of the
"ELEPHANTI"



Fakir Features:

- *NAIL-LINED COCKPIT INTERIOR
(ONCE YOU SIT IN THIS RAUNCHY RAIL,
YOU'RE HOOKED ON DRAG RACING.)*
- *TOP E.T. PERFORMANCE DURING
MONSOON SEASON.*
- *TIDY TURBAN PACKED POP-SHUTE.*
- *OPERATIVE FUEL COST IS MERE PEANUTS.*

THE FLAKEY-PICTURES-UNSUITABLE-FOR-FRAMING SERIES.



IT HAS A REAL LIVE RADIO AND WINDSHIELD WIPERS THAT GOES BACK AND FORTH, BACK AND FORTH etc..... MY LITTLE AUTO HAS LOTS OF LIGHTS... BIG FRONT HEAD LIGHTS, BRIGHT RED TAIL LIGHTS AND A PRETTY PINK INTERIOR LIGHT. MY LITTLE AUTO HAS WIRE WHEELS, A FROG HORN AND A CIGARETTE LIGHTER (ALTHOUGH I DON'T SMOKE I THINK EVERY AUTO SHOULD HAVE ONE.)



THIS IS MY LITTLE AUTO..... I DESIGNED AND HANDBUILT EVERYTHING ALL BY MYSELF!!!

yes.

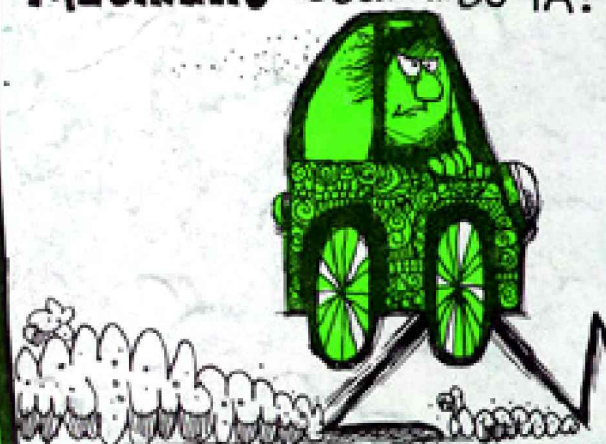


WHENEVER MY LITTLE AUTO IS **SICK** I FIX IT ALL BY MYSELF..... I TAKE THE DEAD BATTERIES OUT OF MY RADIO AND BURY THEM..... I ALWAYS MAKE SURE MY WINDSHIELD WIPERS ARE GOING BACK AND FORTH INSTEAD OF FORTH AND BACK etc. IF MY LIGHTS QUIT I CATCH MORE LIGHTNING BUGS..... AT TIMES I REPLACE THE COATHANGERS IN MY WIRE WHEELS..... I CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON MY FROG HORN (if I have a good cold!) AND MY CIGARETTE LIGHTER IS CONTINUALLY WORKING (ALTHOUGH I DON'T SMOKE I LIKE TO KEEP THE LOGS BURNING!!!)

yes.

THERE'S NOTHING I CAN'T FIX ON MY LITTLE AUTO... NOTHING AT ALL..... NOTHING OF COURSE YOU KNOW I DON'T HAVE AN ENGINE!!

WELL, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BE A **MECHANIC** TOO!!!..... DO YA?



A Jared & Lee Production!! yes.

THE END.